[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

# BIANCA: THE STAR OF THE VALLEY.

I Romance of the Ilps.

BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

CHAPTER XII

REAT was the sensation awakened in Vald'Orazio,

the guide, Nicolo, and a traveller in the company, by the son of the round with the company to the company times and spotless character, had rendered in much beloved, and his sudden fate was epily deplored by old and young. Of course, proportion to the prises and regreis uttered guarding the dead, the maledictions pronounced pont to unhappy young man, who was charged tith his assassination, were not few nor feeble. Indeed, before a day had clapsed after the arrest a vialentia, the swift tongues of evil report at coupled his name with all that could be magined hostile to man and God. He was the country to the count

or the whole valley.

Thus poor Mona Barbara's supernatural reptation began to receive new eclat, and even her
dides son, Berthodt, though the had so well acted
is part at the examination of Nicolo's body,
ame in for a share of the auspicious and abuse
if the more ignorant peasantry, many of whom,
nadeed, remembered his strong arm and stoat
soft familiar with the rabbile assalants of his
nother; but Berthold's demeason or on the arrest
if his brother was so subdued and law-abding,
and his struggle between natural feeling and
term duty so apparent and meritorious in a
syong man, that the good pader and leading
men of Val d'Orazio threw the sacred mantle of
heir official countenance over the vine-dresser,
and he walked abroad without a stain.

In the meantime Valentine had been removed
rout the cottage of Nicolo, after being obliged
to confront the cold body, and laying his hand
apon its bosom to solemnly protest his innoense.—at which ceremony, on the present occalon, much to the assonishment of the gaping
passants, no new efflux of blood took place from
the wounded side,—and conveyed, under strong
had the sum of the sole of the cold of the off and the
wounded side,—and conveyed, under strong
the sum of the sum of the sum of the sum of the wounded side,—and conveyed, under strong
the sum of the Thus poor Monna Barbara's supernatural rep

accome to some protest as innomos,—at which eremony, on the present occament has been been even the second much to the astonishment of the gaping
sants, no new elliux of blood took place from
wounded side,—and conveyed, under strong
tand, to the cellar of the priest's house, which
ing the oldest and strongest stone building in
elandic, was closen as a proper place of conmenent for so dangerous a criminal. Here he
as safely immured, still tightly bound with
rds, after being adjured by the padre to turn
se meditations to the author of heavenly mercy,
it was more than probable that the dispensers
justice in his case would not be they to turn
seditations to the author of heavenly mercy,
it was more than probable that the dispensers
justice in his case would not be the priest, but
alentine, in the state of mind which the coniousness of his own guitteeness, joined with
a cruel accusations against him, had thrown
m, was little likely to profit by it. Neverthese, in volunteering such connect, the padre
emed himself acquitted of his immediate duty;
), beatowing his benediction upon the two
ountaineers who had been deputed as a guard
we the criminal, outside the cellar, our worthy
lage priest proceeded to the more connectable
per portion of his sing little proprions. His
sud head was set upon broad shoulders. His
ea, amply clothed with firm fleek, rubicand

with health and good living, attested both the philosophy of its owner and the liberality of his parishioners. Altogether, Padre Ambrosio was a model village priest.

He mounted with slow steps the few easy stairs that conducted to his "library,"—as he called it, though a very few books found place on shelf or table,—where a cheerful free simmer end cosily on the polished hearth; and there, as he enscences himself in a large cushioned chair, we will leave the worthy pader for a brief pace, whilst we recount the incidents which had just warkened suspicion as to the guilt of our unhappy freend Valentine, in the collar beneath. It will be recollected that the lower of Hanca had parted from the young maiden in the early morning, with the intention of proceeding to the price's house, to acquaint him with the student fato of his old parishioner; but on leaving Nicolo's cottage, the youth had just directed his steps towards his own home, where he found Berthold just arisen, and Monan Barbara engaged in preparing the morning repast. Almost he first rejoinder of the clade brother to the sad intelligence brought by Valentine, was a rough denial of belief in its truth, and an intimation that the youth had dealt foully with the old guide. An altercation, in the angry style which Berthold's bratality generally provoked, followed immediately, in the height of which several villagers, passing the cottage, were attracted to overhear the quarrel. Their appearance only gave looser rein to Berthold's wicked temper, and redoubling his accusations, he called on Monan Barbara to bear witness to the hreat which Valentine had uttered the night before in veryly to Nicolo's slighting rebuke of the youth's proteins on Silanca's favor. The unhappy mother was forced by the villagers to reply, and odeep an impression was made upon the minds of the latter that they resolved at once to detain the younger brother a prisoner for examination by the padre and magistrate. Valentine readily surrendered himself into the hands of two mountaineers, wh

vocation of cook, prosent keeper.

"Well, Veronica, what is wanted with me?"
"A strange lad at the gate is begging hard to see your reverence," replied the casiera. "I bade him come when your reverence had dined, for the virgin knows, not a morsel has your reverence had since morning; but the youth was so pleading that—"
"Well, well, good Veronica, I suppose we must admit the lad." So said the priest, desirous of interrupting the housekeeper's garrulity. "But I thought no youth in the village was unknown to thee, Veronica?"
"Your reverence speaks truth; but this lad is no villager—nor has he a look like any that I know," uttered Veronica, with a puzzled expression upon her countenance.

"Well. we may soon know his errand—there-

know," uttered veronica, with a prezied expression upon her countenance.

"Well, we may soon know his errand—therefore admit him at once."

The casiera departed, and in a few seconds re-appeared in company with a genceful figure, whose light footsteps scarcely sounded as they approached. His face was much shaded by a mountaineer's felt hat, which slouched upon a finely turned shoulder, half exposed, by the shifting of a cloak, in which the youth was wrapped, somewhat back from his compact frame, that was attired in a jerkin of embroidered velvet. The good padre half arose from his arm-chair, so dignified, yet casy, was his visitor's demeanor, as the housekeeper ushered him

into the apartment, and then at a glance from her master, respectfully retired, closing the door behind her.

"My son, what is thy errand with me?"
For a moment after this question, the stranger remained standing in the middle of the room, as if undecided what reply to make to the mild interrogation of the priest. Then, apparently with a sudden impulse, he drew near and knelt as the padre's feet, eaying at the same instant, in a voice of remarkable sweetness:

"Father, I have a secret to reveal."

"Wouldst thou be shriven, my son? If so, the confessional were more fitting place."

"Not that—not now," returned the youth, hurriedly. "Tell me, holy sir, is there a young man in this village accused of a terrible crime of murder?"

"Truly, there is, my son. One who sill con-

of marder?"
"Truly, there is, my son. One who, till now, has been in good repute among his fellows; but the crafty are discovered at the last, and—"
"He is innocent—this young" man! He has committed no crime!" interrupted the visitor, in

committed no erime I" interrupted the Venney, or a quick rejoinder.

"What wouldst thou say, my son? No crime! Who then did slay the worthy guide, Nicolo, that last night was full of life as mysel?! And the stranger who trusted the unhappy youth—"

"Yather, they were not murdered—it was the avalanche which overwhelmed them."

"Naw mv son. that is but the assertion of the

"Nay, my son, that is but the assertion of the "Nay, my son, that is but the assertion of the accused, supported by no testimony. But the avalanche could not have dealt a murderous stab at poor Nicolo's breast—nor left the traveller's rich garments in the youth's hands—nor minculously spaced him alone of all the three."

"Alas! alas! father, if you would hear the travell."

"Alas! alas! fasher, if you would hear the truth!"

"Speak, then, my son! Gladly would I listen to aught that might cast a shadow of doubt upon the young man's guilt."

"O, I enters you, believe me!" cried the strange youth. "Last night there were more human beings hurried to eternity than those you deem murdered. Last night, a band of outlawed men descended to the Huguenois' Altar, from the moutants, to rob the traveller of whom you speak. Following closely upon their destined victims, they shared his sudden fate—all were overwhelmed by the fearful avalanche!"

"What tale is this, my son!"

"But one sceaped—the leader of the outlaw-edmen, who, snatched from death by the mercy of Heaven, beheld his companions swept to their awful doom. He, moreover, saw the traveller and the two guides buried likewise in the dreafful snows."

"Who is this man!" Let him come hither."

readful snows."
"Who is this man? Let him come hither."
"Alas! he is outlawed—a robber!" cried the outh, sinking his head upon his breast. "He are not enter a village lest the laws should

dare not enter a village lest the laws should claim him?"

"To what am I listening!" exclaimed the padre, hastily rising from his seat, leaving his suppliant kneeling upon the floor. "This is doubtless some idle story. What is not the deadly wound sufficient? And did not the vine-dresser—did not his own brother first proclaim the youth's guilt!"

"Berthold?" asked the visitor, hurriedly.

"Ay, Berthold, brother to the accused—the first to give information of the wretched young man's threats against Nicolo's life but a few hours previous to the deed."

"It is not so I No, no, it surely cannot be," cried the stranger, rising quickly to his feet.
"Berthold could not act so wickedly—he would not do so foul a thing. Father! father!" he continued in great agistation, following the padre, who had moved across the room, "I pray out, condemn not the innocent! I aware to you, on my eternal soul, and as we shall both meet at the judgment seat, that what I have said is true, that the avalanche was silone the cause of death last night—the avalanche that spared but my father's life!"

"Thy father, my son! Who, then, art thou!"

"Thy father, my son! Who, then, art thou?"

"Thy father, my son! Who, then, art thou 1"
"Thy father, my son! Who, then, art thou 1"
"Thy father, my son! Who, then, art thou 1"
hand, and drawing him nearer to himself. The
action caused the sloached mountain hat, which
the visitor had not removed since its entrance,
to fall on one side, and the lad made a sadden
movement to replace it over his forehead; jut
the padre said instantly, on remarking for the
first time the readeness: "Bemove thy covering,
youth. Is this meet respect for ms?"

The visitor made a hasty motion to obey, and
lifted the hat from his head; but in doing so, he
exposed beneath the thick cuts which shaded
his entire brow, a long bridd of hair that had
become disengaged, and now fell low upon his
shoulders. Padre Ambrosio's placid face grew
very dark.

ing the beautiful face of Francesca, the brigand's daughter.

Padra Ambrosio started back a pace, and letting drop the maiden's hand, regarded her with a look of mingled surprise and alarm. Possibly, the good priest imagined for a moment that the evil one was assailing him in the guise of that dangerous tempetation—a lovely woman. But it was only for an instant that he looked upon her in doubt, for as she lifed to his own a countenance full of deep grief, but with a holy purity in every lineament, while the plending expression of her look attested the carmest truth which animated her heart, the worthy father felt a strong feeling of pity awakening in his breast mingled with a desire to penetrate his mystery of both her appearance and her errand. Long as he had excreted in that quiet valley the gentle duties of his pastor's office, and intimately as he was acquainted with the peasantry for many leagues around, he remembered not to have beheld any face resembling that now raised so devontly to his own; and he judged at once that there was much in the young girl's situation that demanded the sympathy, perhaps the assistance of one in his position. Nevertheless, the page of caution was mixed with the tenderness of his reply to the passionate additionation that he can be a suppersonate alone, and therefore a degree of caution was mixed with the tenderness of his

of one in his position. Nevertheless, the padre was not a man to lend too credulous an attention to appearances alone, and therefore a degree of caution was mixed with the tenderness of his reply to the passionate adjuration that had been uttered by the discovered female.

"I fear me, daughter," he said, in a low voice, "that the thoughtlessness of an earthly love has prompted thee to this imprudent step. Who, and what thou art, and why the interest thou showest in the fate of him who is accused of grievous crime, must be revealed to me, as too new hoc claims the right to flow howing the soor rows of those who seek relief at his hands. If thou hast erred, daughter, but mock me not; if love for man has made thee forget the modesty of thy sex, and urged thee to attempt deception, par forth now, I charge thee, in a servant of God, and open thy heart to me, able it is be false and sinful."

Thus adjuring her, the padre took both the hands of Francesca within his own, and gazed with a benign look into her face. Tears gushed at once from the maiden's eyes, tears that relieved her overcharged feelings. She bowed his seat in the arm-chair, and then commenced a rocital of events and experiences in the past, whose features, as the confession proceeded, exhibited a such as the had never before poured forth to any living being. Broken by many sobs, but listened with close distribution was over, and Francesca's voice no longer audible, the good france, reverency rasing his eyes to Heaven, nummured a short but earnest prayer, and then, after laying his hands solemnly upon the maid-wis head, arose from his chair, and going to the door, called quickly to Veronica, bidding her have no side the seeming youth had passed through the little handet of Bacco and Brigits.

### CHAPTER XIII. REPRITANCE.

A WONDERFUL Alteration had taken place in the looks and feelings of II coptions Tomaco, whilenes surranned Sparentevole, or the "The Terrible." Whether the spectacle of his comrades hurded so swiftly and unready into eternity, and the subsequent night of suffering which he had passed, had been powerful to uproot the deep-grown evil of his past associations, or whether this sudden change was but the result of years of potent effort on the part of his daughter, during which many gendle influences, persuasions and prayers had been apparently wasted by Francesca, but now seemed corward with blessed success at the last; or whether, indeed, it was not both these causes combined which stirred the long-dormant better heart of the brigand, and laid it open to the mereful entrance of the "dove which beareth healing on its wings," need not be sought to all the results of the the man was now broken in spirit, and imbued with the contributions of the property of the proper

Baside his bed knelt the Padre Ambrosio, his hands clasped, while with closed eyes, he repeated fervently the prayers of the church. At a little distance, Francesca, likewise now kneeling, joining with her low-toned voice in the response of the priest which implored mercy upon sinful humanity. She had remore the disguise in which she had visited the priest's house, and now appeared in her own neat attire.

Tomaso's lips moved, but without sound, in concert with he padre's supplications. The brigand lay upon his back, his fingers joined over his breast, grasping firmly the ivory crucifix that had depended at the head of the coach. A smile of hope was blent in his features with the shadow of remonseful thought, as he recollected the runicel lifetime he had passed.

Thus the good padre knelt and prayed, and the repentair robber listened, and his daugher united her soul in deep devotion, when the door of the apartment was radely opened, and another figure appeared upon the threshold. It was that of Bacco, the innkeeper, just awakened from a stupor in which he had been plunged during the entire day, the effect of enormous postations of strong wine that he had drank en receiving intelligence of the sudden fate which had overtaken his sons. The outsiello's usually sleggish face presented now a dark and threat-ening expression, as it protraded into the roon, whilst, elinging with one hand to the door, he

potations of strong wine that he had drank en receiving intelligence of the sudden fate which had overtaken his sons. The ostinello's usually sloggish face presented now a dark and threatening expression, as it protruded into the room, whilst, clinging with one hand to the door, he stoodied his reeling frame, almost falling from intoxication—for though the brutal sensibility of the man had returned, he was still under the influence of the poison which had overpowered him. He had evidently been aroused to recollection but a hort time since, and stimulated by some uncertain evil purpose, had staggered to the apartment of Tomaso, without knowledge of, the padre's presence or the scene that was transpiring.

This apartment was one occupied, during many years, by the girl, Francesca, who there remained in retirement and comparative security, while her father, with his band, carried on their trade of rapine, making their dwelling in secret caverns far away in the fastnesses of the mountains. The osteria, seldom the resort of honest travellers,—inasmuch as the near neighborhood of Val d'Oracio obvisted any necessity for such persons to stay their journey in so lonely a splace of rendex-voos prior to or succeeding the marauding expeditions, whilst the multi-path and its many intersecting defiles, in pursuance of their vocation, looked upon the seculed tavern, to whose suspicious character they were no strangers, as a snug resting-place, at all times, and often a safe shelter for themselves and goods, during the violent tempests that sometimes continued for days to rage furiously in the rocky passes.

Francesca, protected by her father's influence

selves and goods, during the violent tempests that sometimes continued for days to rage furiously in the rocky passes.

Francesca, protected by her father's influence and authority among his wild associates, had been accustomed to consider the inn of Bacco as her home, since much of her existence from childhood had been passed in the neighborhood, and of late years she had resided wholly within its walls, sometimes assisting the dame Brigita in her domestic efforts, sometimes occupying breself in embroidering her father's clothes, or adorning with the needle her own simple garb, but oftener absenting herself from the hostel, but oftener absenting herself some londy cove, or silent nook, where for hours she might dream and sorrow, unseen by mortal eys. For one dark cloud hung evermore over the maiden's heart—the thought of her beloved father's lawless career, mingled with the memory of a solema vow which, when pet a child, she had made on recovering from an almost fatal sickness. This was to endeavor by every means to wean her outlawed parent from his wild habits of life, and direct his founts pet a heat of peace and honor.

For years Francesca had devoted herself to

direct his footsteps to the paths of peace and honor.

For years Francesca had devoted herself to the good work, but seldom with a promise of success—for Tomaso was growing daily older in life and crime, and habits had become with him indeed a second nature. Nevertheless, often as he contemplated or returned from his frequent expeditions, the maden sought, by gentlest words and tenderest entreaties, to turn his feelings in the direction of her own, to make him sensible of all that he might accomplish and enjoy in nobler pursuits, and to gain his promise of a change ere yet it should be too late.

nins beassessed upon a first parameter and to gain his promise of a change ere yet it should be too late. But until now her efforts had been fruitless, opposed as they had ever been by the inflaence of old associations and her father's daily intercourse with the outlawed men who called him leader. With these wild beings, Francesca shrank from intercourse, and they stood in too had been also as the property of t

looked with a feeling akin to that which she

Berthold had, a year previous to the time of Berthold had, a year previous to the time of which we write, encountered Francesca in one of her lonely wanderings, on an occasion when, seeking shelter from a audden storm, she had missed her way in a labyrinth of rocky defile far in the mountain's becom. The young man, albeit his mootly nature was seldom attracted by female beauty, outil not but he struck with the grace and leveliness of the strange maiden, who, as he well knew, was no dweller in the neighboring Val d'Orazio. He conducted her saftly to the osteria of the mule-path, where he had often before been a transient caller, in his monstain excursions; and it was not long before, after several sacceeding visits, he began to awaken a tender interest in Francesca's breast, which he returned as strongly as his rude mature was capable of doing. Some months, however, clapsed before Bernhold became aware of the relation in which the young girl stood to Tomaso, whose profession he very well knew; and when he did learn the fact, it was only to avail himself of his yas on instituting a close connection between himself and the brigand captain, in which, probably actained by a share of the plunder,—but, to do him justice, still more by his affection for Francesca,—the vine-dresser took upon himself the part of a decoy or spy, to give information to the robber of such travellers as passing through the Alpine districts, might offer to these lawless men an opportunity of sudden assault and pillage.

Strong as was the love which had begun to develop itself in the passionate nature of Francesca, it received as sudden shock when she became aware of the dishonorable office Berthold and accepted. Her first impals was to banish him at once from her rowy garland with which her cleared to her that nought but his love for her inspired him, that he might gain her father's favor, and an opportunity for more frequent interviews, the woman's heart of his hearer almost forgot is better institue, and had paradored Berthold even while she condemned. Ber, that would enable her to wr

aware of the unusual exercises that engrossed her attention. "Ho! ho!" laughed the rufflan, savagely, staggering forward a pace. "Captain Tomaso, bold comade, what dost thou with the priest? Pretty Francesca, where got ye this shaven-head for a lover?"
"he hriemal's daughter shrank fearfully from

Pretty Francesca, where got ye this shaven-head for a lover's draftler shrank fearfully from the innkeeper's brutal gaze encountering her stardled look, and the captain himself half started from his gives; but Padre Ambrosio, casting but a glance at the intruder, reclosed his eyes, and pressing his clasped hands against those of Tomaso, in genute robuske, continued in a louder tone than he had before used to pour forth his prayer for the repeatant man. The soleam litany proceeded, the priest's voice fill-ing the apartment, the maidler's low but distinct access tutering the fervent responses. It was a singular scene, as disclosed in the

angure apartmens, the mauten's low but distinct accents uttering the fervent responses.

It was a singular scene, as disclosed in the light of a singular scene, as disclosed in the light of a singular scene, as disclosed in the light of a singular scene, as disclosed in the countenance of the priest, and Francesca's beautiful though agitated face. It was strange to hear those clear-toned orisons arising to behold the kneeling figures, the removedal man of crime clasping his ivory crucifix, and then to mark the rough form of the oute Bacco, his stolld lineaments lit with a dubious expression of mingled fireceness, fear and hesitation. Such a picture might Salvator have sketched to inspire after ages with strange speculations as to its mysterious significance.

"What, ho! Tomaso!"

"What, ho! Tomass."
No answer returned the innkeeper's hoarse exclamation. The prayer still went on—the priest took no note of the interruption.
"I'll have no preaching in my house!—dost hearm og rid!" cried the rufflan, with another oath; and recling forward he grasped roughly the shoulder of Francesca.

Tomaso at this movement, which he was the

the shoulder of Francesca.

Tomaso at this movement, which he was the first to behold, strore to raise himself, but was pressed back by the priest's hand.

"My son, compose thyself!" whispered the unmoved patre, and then slowly turning his bead, he fixed his gaze upon the finzkeeper. Bacco seemed about to speak again; but the priest triale; callunly, took from the captain's hand the crucitis, and lifted it suddenly above his head.

his head.
"Wretched man!" spoke the padre, in a tone
of sternness, before which the drunken Bacco
appeared to recoil at once, "wouldst thou insult

which the awful scene of Christ's martyrdom was carred in the white Ivory.

Bacco's sodden intellest, brutalized by intoxication, was no proof against the severe look and stern voice of Padra Ambrosio. At once all the terrors of the church which, brigand and sinner as he was, he yet, in common with his countrymen, invested with avful powers, seemed arrayed against him. The words of the priest, as the latter lifted the cross, alarmed the superstition of his nature. He shricked rather than cried out, at the same instant sinking on his knees, and trembling throughout his massive frame: frame:
"Pardon! pardon! holy father!"

"Pardon I pardon I holy father!"
"Rather should I pronounce anathema upon
thee, child of perlition!" returned the priest,
perceiving the terror which his words had created; "rather should I curse thee, who comest
hither to disturb the sacrament of God!—the
confession of a repentant sinner. Hence I
avaint ere the malediction of the church be
haveled enging them?"

hither to disturb the sacrament of God1—the confession of a repentant sinner. Hence I avanuat ere the malediction of the church be burled against thee !"

The padre fixed his unmoving gaze upon the wretched intekeper, who qualled before its intensity, and grovelling for a moment at the feet of his rebuker, turned away and dragged himself to the door and over the threshold.

"Remain thou there!" then said the priest, "whilst I implore parton for thy crime!"

Bacco, now appearing to have recovered in a measure from his drunken insaulty, obeyed the stern command like a child who dreads its parent's wrath. Padre Ambrosio then kneeling in the middle of the apartment, between the renew's wrath. Padre Ambrosio then kneeling in the middle of the apartment, between the renew's to Heaven, mingling with his appeal in behalf of Tomaso, a supplication for the wretched man who had just been stricken like a weed to the arth—an evidence of the mysterious power and authority wielded by that church of which the village pastor was but the humblest instrument.

The prayer concluded, and absolution extended to the repentant Tomaso, Padre Ambrosiors to depart from the osteria, not however before Bacco had humbly entreated him to offer prayers for the repose of his two sons, swept to a terrible fathe by the last night's estastrophe. The priest, with a few words of solenn warning to the man himself, promises, and then taking leave of Francesca, prepared for his homeward walk.

And as the good padre took his way from the lonely hostel, and ascended the mule-path towards the rude bridge leading to Val d'Orazio, he murmared to himself in a low voice:

"This innocent youth must not be sacrificed! It is all trew which the maiden spoke, and the young man must be saved."

This innocent youth must not be sacrificed! s all true which the maiden spoke, and the ang man must be saved."

## CHAPTER XIV.

THE TOWN BURGESS-THE FLIGHT.

THE TOWN BURDESS—THE FLIGHT.

THE Padre Ambrosio ascended with very cautious steps the abrupt curve in the mulepath which led from the chasm; and as he 
gained the top, encountered a man advancing 
from the village quarter. The features of this 
person were not distinguishable, as he walked 
somewhat in the shadow of the rocks, where the 
moonlight which now illumined the road did 
not fall; and the priest was about to pass him 
with a "benedicite," when the other, stopping 
short, pronounced his name.

Mostan, and with a "benedicites," when the other, stopping short, pronounced his name.

"Ah! is it kee, Berthold! Thou art late in the mountains, my son; but I have good news for thee. Thy brother, the lad Valentine, is not guilty, as we deemed him."

The paire could not note the displeased expression that immediately darkened the vincdresser's visage; but he marvelled that no exclamation of astonishment or joy followed his

announcement.

"Dost hear, my son? Thy brother, I may in verity disclose, is innocent of the charge which, as rash men, not knowing Heaven's purposes, we have preferred against him."

"And how dees this good intelligence, come, reverend father?"

poses, we have preferred against him."
"And how does this good intelligence, come, reverend father?"
"Let its suffice thee, worthy Berthold, that it shall save thy poor brother's life. Come with me at once that we may speak to il Bosyligimo. Let us lose no time, for in truth the day has been a weary one to me, and I long for the evening's rest."

The house of il Bosyligiano, the burgess, was situated near the middle of the village, on the road leading to Patre Ambrosio's own residence. It was not long before they reached it, and were ushered into the magistrate's presence. It Bosyligiano was enjoying his pipe, and an odoriferous atmosphere filled the room in which the visitors found him. The good priest at once opened his business by requesting the private car of the town burgess. Signore Leoni, as the magistrate was called, led the way at once to a small closet, opening from the apartment, and thither the pader followed him, leaving Berthold to await her result of their council.

The vine-dresser's countenance, during his short walk in company with the priest, could it have been seen by the latter, would have satisfied him that the declaration of Valentine's innocence was not quite so palatable to the elder brother as consanguinity might seem to demand. The sullen frown, habitual to him, deepened on the young man's brow, and his month, that best indees of the human feelings, wore a vexed and alarmed expression.

alarmed expression.

Though Padre Ambrosio gave him no further information in reference to the cause of so sudden a recentation of helief in Valentine's guilt, he could not help suspecting from Francesca's words at midday regarding his brother, and from the fact of his encountering the priest upon the mule path, that the daughter of Tomaso had been instrumental in changing the latter's convictions. The reflection was bitter to him, as it not so that the countering th n instrumental in changing the latter's con-tions. The reflection was bitter to him, as it only awoke a suspicion of a decrease in necsea's affection for himself, but a fear les Francesca's affection for himself, but a tear lest the priest's scripting might bring to light his own nefarious connection with the late bend of bri-gands. However, with characteristic caution, he had allowed nought to escape him that might reveal his secret reflections, and now awaited the padre's entranee with a countenance appa-rently undisturbed, for the youth was suspicious

that in a magistrate's dwelling there might be eyes observing his demeanor which his own glance did not discover.

The interview of Padre Ambrosio with his friend and parishioner, Signore Leoni, the bur-gess, did not last long; but apparently it was quite satisfactory to the priest, whose features, when the two appeared, wore a look as if a bur-den had been lifted from his mind. He nodded to Berthold enconsensionly, and aid: to Berthold encouragingly, and said :

"My son, the good Signore Leoni is pleased signify that thy brother Valentine shall be set

to signify that my used as all iberty."

"Alas! reverend sir," returned the vine-dreer, hesitatingly, "my poor brother is, doubtle as you say, innocent of the crime imputed him; but the villagers, I fear, are much excit against him, and will refuse to believe

"Let them refuse!" cried the burgess, warmly "Let them refuse!" reied the burgess, warmy.
"Shall an innocent young man be sacrifiede to
their injustice? Our revereend father, Ambrosio, has revealed enough to satisfy me that the
deaths of last night were Hasenvis will and direct act, and through no agency of man; and
therefore I say the youth Valentine shall go
free!"

"But the peasants may seek his life if he is liberated?"

The magistrate regarded Berthold with arching look, as if he suspected that some sit ter motive lurked behind the brother's seemin dicitude; but good Padre Ambrosio appeare consider the vine-dresser's suggestion as me important

to consider the vine-dresser's suggestion as of some importance.

"It is very true," he said; "the village people, more especially old friends of Nicolo, are exceeding wroth against the accused, and it will be difficult to satisfy them of his innocence, save by explaining more than we are at liberty to do. Therefore, Signore Local, we must devise some means of protection for the youth against private violence, else, indeed, it would be no mercy to set him free."

"If my poor bother might be sent away from the valley," suggested Berthold, "until such time as Nicolo's death is."

"That may very well be done," rejoined the burgess, quickly. "Let it be even so, and charge thyself with the basiness. As brother of the youth, thou art the most interested, so be it thy care to conduct him from the prison whitherson.

youth, thou art the most interested, so be it thy care to conduct him from the prison whitherover his safety shall require; and let this suffice for thy authority and protection hereafter, should thy acts be questioned?

So saying, Signore Looni hastily wrote on a scrap of paper, an order for the delivery of Valentine by the mountaincers in whose custody he had been placed, and then reseming his pipe, recommenced the emission of spiral clouds of smoke. Padra Ambrosio, on his part, settled his heavy cloak about his shoulders, grasped his staff, and took leave of the magistrate, after thanking him warmly, and bestowing his customary blessing. Then, followed by Berthold, the priest set his face once more towards his own sing home, where the anxious Veronica awaited. nim, carefully attending the bountiful supper ong since prepared in expectation of her mas

ong since prepared in expectation of her man-er's coming.

On this good supper, for which, truly, his ex-retions had provided a fitting appetite, the pa-rler's mind dwelt as he proceeded, while that of Berthold pondered only on the harred which he bore his brother, and the surest means that he could adopt to render the flight of Valentine from Val d'Orazio one from which he would not soon return.

one anops to renter use night of Valentine from Val d'Orazio one from which he would not soon return.

When Valentine, accused of the murder of one whose existence, as connected with the happiness of Blanco, had been dear to him as his own, found himself immured in the cellar-prison of Padre Ambrosio's house, with a feeling that in spite of his entire innocence of the charges against him, many circumstances conspired to render these of no trivial importance, he was disposed at first to arraign in bitter terms the justice of man and Heaven, and then, in the conviction of his own helplessness, to give way to a despairing apathy. But his reflections after a brief space assumed a more resigned character, and hope, which is ever bright in youthful bosoms, began to whisper that some happy event would change the appearances now so strongly against him, and return him to liberty and the respect of his fellow-men.

But as the long hours passed, and night came, stutting him is about in the contraction.

erty and the respect of his fellow-men. But as the long hours passed, and night came, shutting him in darkly, his meditations again became somher and despondent. He began to dread that fate was about to involve him in one of those fearful webs of suspicion, which often dary all the efforts of innocease to escape their entangling folds, and that perchance a conspiracy, the cause or agency of which he knew nothing, would ultimately render fattle all his expectations of rescue.

expectations of rescue.

Such reflections tortured the unhappy youth's
mind, as he threw himself at length upon a rude
pallet in a corner of his dangeon, in the faint
hope that sleep might come to him with its
happy forgetfulness; but at this moment, the
unclosing of doors aroused him, and the padre
entered, accompanied by his brother Berthöld.
Valentine arose in astonishment at the priest's
first words:

first words:

"My poor son, thy sufferings are ended! I have come to bid thee depart in peace!"

"Father, what do I hear? My innocence, then, is established! Heaven be thanked!"

then, is established! Heaven be thanked?"
"Follow thy worthy brother, my son. He
will conduct thee to safety. But first, receive
my blessing, and go on thy way in hope, for I
will pray to Heaven that thy steps may be
guided away from the paths of danger."
Padre Ambrowlos as he said this, extended his
hands, and Valeatine, kneeling in the obscurity
of the cell, listened reverently to the henediction which the pastor pronounced in a fatherly

tion which the pastor pronounced in a fatherly tone.

"Now follow thy brother, Valentine, and may the Lord have thee in his holy keeping!"

The youth, bewildered at the suddenness of the event, could only murmur a word of grati-tude, before Berthold had abruptly seized his hand, and led him from the prison and the pa, dre's house out into the road, leading down-

wards through the hamlet. Here, pausing, the vine-dresser addressed his brother:

wards through the hamlet. Here, pausing, the vine-dresser addressed his bother:

"Valentine, there have been rash words between us heretofore. When last we parted, I believed you guilty of the death of Nicolo. Since then I am assured that my brother is innocent, and that our mother's gray hairs will not be dishonored. Valentine, we here part; but let us part as brethren, with pardon on our lips for whatever evil we may have sought against each other!"

Berthold uttered this speech in a tone so subdeed and apparently earnest, that his confiding brother was moved to tears. Clasping the hand which was extended to him, Valentine replied:

"Brother, if I have sometimes rashly angered you, may Heaven witness, I never harbored evil purpose; but why, Berthold, must we here part?

"It is true you are free, but not to remain."

Am I not free?"

"It is true you are free, but not to remain here, Valentine. Il Borghiyiano has released you, at my earnest prayers, joined with the good padre's request—and because, likewise, there is doubt in their minds regarding the justice of the charge against you; but it is on the condition that you leave at once this valley that

this boon is granted."

"What! and am I to fly from my accuand leave my memory blackened with charges?" exclaimed Valentine.

charges?" exclaimed Valentine.

"By flying you give time for your friends to prove your innocence, while, remaining here, you may be to-morrow ascribed to the bigotry of the churls who hate our mother and ourselves," reglied the vine-dresser.

"It is too true, Berthold—they hate us all," said Valentine, in a changed voice. "I will follow your counsel, and depart—perhaps forever!"

Berthold's countenance exhibited a gleam of pleasure at his brother.

low your counsel, and depart — perhaps for-ever!"
Berthold's countenance exhibited a gleam of pleasure at his brother's despondent words; but he concealed his satisfaction, and rejoined:
"Not forever, Valentine! This unhappy er-ror of the villagers will soon, I trust, be cor-rected in some manner which we know not yet; so says the padre, at least."
"Did the good priest speak thus?" asked Valentine, quickly. "Well, I will away; but I must first bid adieu to my mother."
"Nay, Valentine, say not even for that! Some loitering peasant may observe us, and be-tray your except at once. My counsel is, that you depart immediately from the valley, by one of the mule-path passes. You have no time to lose, for safety lies not in Val d'Orazio."
"Perhaps you are right, brother," returned Valentine, sadly. "I will go, then, at once; but—"he hesitated, and turned away his head. "You would like to see Nicolóv insce," said

"You would like to see Nicolo's nice," said Berthold, with something of his usual sneer. "You had better not, if you be wise enough to forget, and if you be not wise, you had still bet-ter not."

of—"
"No, no! it is impossible! She cannot credit so monstrous a thing!"
"Have your own opinion, brother! Nevertheless, I tell you Bianca hates you, and couples your name with that of assassin!"

Berthold spoke in a calm tone, looking straight into his brother's face. Valentine remained silent a moment, his breast heaving with agitation, his counternance deathly pale. Then suddenly striking his forehead with one hand, he grasped his brother's in the other, and cried in a choked voice:
"Farewell! God knows if it be forever! Pray our mother to remember me!"
"Farewell! Valentine. Trust me, we will have justice done—"
"I care not now for justice or mere!!" interrupted the unhappy youth. "Farewell, Berthold! I go—God only knows whither!"
The next moment, Valentine had broken from his brother's side, and was rapidly moving towards one of the clinging rocks toward understanding the side, and was rapidly moving towards one of the clinging rocks toward used to getther, and watched the retreating youth till his form was lost in the shadows of the cliffs. Then, turning towards his hut, he muttered, as he proceeded:
"So much for the good lad's love-making."
By San Gilovane I he will put many a league

uncerims. Then, turning towards in sind, he muttered, as he proceeded:

"So much for the good lad's love-making.
By San Giovane the will plat many a league between himself and Val d'Orazia, ere matin hours. It is just the turn that I wished—for, in truth, it somewhat disturbed my conscience to have a hand in the boy's death—guilty or innocent. Now, thanks to my good fortune, he is away in such mood as will give a thousand chances to one that he knocks his addled hrains out before the month is gone! At any rate, he will return no more, since he believes his sweetheart to have forsaken him. He hot het necessatis quite clear for me now. Neither foxy old uncle nor testy lover in the way. Bianca will soon, I wager, be quite as compleasant to the stout. Berthold as to his sentimental brother."

Thus the 'eigen-fresser' communed with him—Thus the 'eigen-fresser' communed with him—

Entroled as to his sentimental brother."

Thus the vine-dresser communed with himself, disclosing one at least of the dark motives that actuated his conduct. It was evident that the event which had just transpired, though it had removed Valentine from danger, was yet not displeasing to the plotting Berchold, since it now appeared that the latter's desire had been not so much to wreak immediate injury upon his brother's person, as to inflict a desper wound in his affections, and at the same time leave the way open for the accomplishment of his own ulterior schemes. Therefore there was a gleam of malevolent satisfaction in his eyes, when he returned to the lut, as fixing their regards upon Monna Barbara, who o watted him, he said, in a triumphant tone:

"We shall be no more troubled with your

"We shall be no more troubled with your cub, Valentine, thanks to our good luck, mo

""
"What say you?" cried the old crone, starting up quickly from the dark nook, where she had been sitting. "Valentine! has aught more happened to him? O, Berthold! do they still deem him guilty!"

"To be sure they do!" returned the vino-

dresser, sharply. "What has the fool done to clear himself? Think you the stripling's word is so good that it needs nought to purify it? Out, good mother! let the neck crack that can take no better care of itself!"

Out, good mother! let the neck crack that can take no better care of itself!"

Berthold spoke these words in his usual vein of sullenness, but evidently enjoying the pain which they indicted upon the wretched mother. Monna Barbara replied not to them, but hiding her face in the dingy shawt that covered her shoulders, uttered a sobbing sound, as if choked with her feelings.

In truth, the old woman, since her return home, after winessign the seem of the morning, in Nicolo's hut, had done little but rock herself to and fro, sighing and moaning in unintelligible murmars of grief. Berthold had cursed her several times, roughly ordering her to prepare his food, and she had mechanically obeyed the commands which she hardly comprehended; but when left alone in the hovel, on her son's departure, she seemed to take no heed of anything around her, but had continued har plicous lament till the night closed in, and hours of darkness passed ere the vine-dresser again made his appearance.

But when the last cruel remarks of her elder son reached her cars, Monna Barbara seemed entirely broken down, and so violent in a few moments became her agitation, that the hardened Berthold grew alarmed. He roughly seized his mother's arm, and exclaimed: "Come, this is but haby play, mother! The lad's safe enough—be stop your whimpering for him?"

But Monna Barbara's paroxysm only increased.

him!"

But Monna Barbara's paroxysm only in-

But Monna Baroara's paroxym only m-creased.

"Do you hear me, mother? I tiell you Val-entine has escaped—is free—is far away from the valley by this time."

These words produced a sudden effect upon the crone. She uncovered her face, and fixed her inflamed eyes upon Berthodl, who had now lighted a brand on the fireplace, which cast its cleans around the hovel.

gleams around the hovel.
"What say you? Escaped! My Valentine

secaped 1"
"Your Valentine has escaped—if that will
satisfy you, good mother !" answered the sneeing son. "Or, rather," he continued, with his
customary duplicity, "I, his despised brother,
was fool enough to liberate him."
"You, Berthold—you liberated Valentine?"
"Even so, my very dear mother—out of regard for your favorite son, I taked my own
neck to obtain the Signore Leoni's favor for the
innocent boy!" answered the vine-dresser, with
a bitter accent. "Look by, if that be not something for a witch's cub to have obtained for the
benefit of another cub."

thing for a witch's cub to have obtained for the benefit of another cub."

Saying this, Berthold showed to Monna Barbara the order which the town burgess had written for the release of Valentine.

"And he is free—he is safe!"

"Safe enough if he make good use of his heels, and leave the mule-path behind him a few leagues by daybreak. The passes on the other side are now swarming with French brigands, under the new Corsican general, and doubtless your Valentine will find friends among some of the cut-throat bands. O, he's safe enough, I doubt not, since the devil takes care of his own; but give me some wine, mother, before I talk but give me some wine, mother, before I talk but give me some wine, mother, before I talk more, for my throat is as dry as a soldier's

iscuit."

Monna Barbara shuilled to the cupboard, to rorduce therefrom the earthen bottle which contained the vine-dresser's drink, and then, ansous to learn more concerning the escape of Val-

tained the vine-dresser's drink, and then, anxious to learn more concerning the escape of Valentine, awaited patiently the moment when her coarse son should become somewhat more communicative—a result generally following indulgence in his cups.

But Berthold, on this occasion, replied only in monosyllables to the questions which his mother, after a little delay, ventured to ask him, and Monna Barbara was able only to glean from him, the bare intelligence of the manner in which Valentine had been freed, and of his subsequent departure by way of the multi-path through the neighboring mountains; after which the vine-dresser, yielding to drowniers, subsided into a state of repose, attested, if such could attest the fact, by a succession of sonorous sources.

Monna Barbara watched her unnatural son, as he gave himself up to sleep, with a look in which various emotions were apparent. Then she resumed her old position upon the low stool, her elbows resting on her knees, her face covered with her thin fingers. Thus she remained for many minutes.

At last the crone bergan to exhibit a return of

with her thin ingers. Thus sae remained for many minutes.

At last the crono began to exhibit a return of the emotions which had excited her so deeply on the previous night. Tears moistened her eyes, and seemed to soften her rugged spirit. She drew carefully from her boson the cross of jet that she had found on the floor of the hut, where is had exidently been droponed by the stranger. that a search y it of the control of the har, where it had a widently been dropped by the stranger, whose sudden fate had involved her son in such imminent peril, and, first pressing it to her lips, gazed at it for a length of time with evident emotion. Then her aged countenance became lit with a new expression, as if in sudden resolution. She arose, glanced a moment at the sieping Berthold, and then proceeded, with as much celerity as her feeble frame would admit of, to wrap herself in a thick, short cloak, for the kind used by the female peasants, and to bind about her head with a scanty shawl one of the rule falt hats worn indiscriminately by both sexes. Then taking from her dark nook a pair of snow-shoes, and a stout oaken staff, Monna Barhara stood for a moment in the middle of the hut, as if in doubt of her purpose.

But her hesitation, if such it was, did not long

the hut, as if in doubt of her purpose.

But her hesitation, if such it was, did not long continue. She gathered her coarse cloak tightly around her, grasped her staff with a firm hand, and then approaching the sleeping Bernfold, lifted her eyes a moment, as if in mental supplication, then stooped feebly, and imprinted a kiss upon the vine dresser's forehead—a kiss which, albeits to withered the ligh that gave it, was yet sacred with the strong affection of a mother. The next moment Monna Barbara had disappeared from the hovel, and Bertholt, still wrapped in stupor, remained its only inmake.

CHAPTER XV.

CHAPTER XV.

MICH the valley people marvelled, many were the murmurs, and not a few the threats, on the second morning following Nicolo's death, when it was discovered that the youth, suspected of being its cause, had disappeared from the village, leaving no traces of his flight. More attained that the standard of the standard was the magistrate, Signore Leoni, openly declared that he had ordered the accused to be released; and the popular wonder was redoubled when, on the succeding day, which was the Sabbath, Padra Ambrosio preached a funeral sermon over the old guide, in which he dwell solemnly upon the event of the week, and asserted his knowledge of the young man's innocence, together with sconviction that to the avalanche alone was attributable the catastrophe. But when, in connection with this, the priest revealed the startling fact that Tomaso's robber-band had, by the same terrible agency, been annihilated, and that the bodies of a dozen brigands now lay wrapped in a winding sheet of snow, beneath the Huguennotz' Altar, there to remain until the spring foods should melt the deep drifts around them, the good viliagers began to believe that a special revelation from divine intelligence had been vouchasfed to their pastor, and that, as devout Catholic Christians, they were bound to look upon the escape of Valentine as the result of direct heavenly interposition.

So the remains of Sicolo were quietly deposited in the little burial-place of Val d'Orazio, etc.

cyalinolic Christians, they were bound to look upon the escape of Valentine as the result of direct heavenly interposition. So the remains of Nicolo were quietly deposited in the little burial-place of Val d'Orazio, and the peasantry in a short time ceased to revert to his death, or to the flight of Valentine. Rumors and speculations concerning the latter, were indeed rise during a few weeks, but these gradually died away, and as the spring drew near, the valley inhabitants, preparing for the avocations which its coming rendered necessary, ceased to think of the events that had broken liquence of the youth's fate over reached Val d'Orazio, and if any conjecture concerning it was hazarded, it was to the effect that Valentine, escaped as he deemed from fatal danger, had leagued himself with one of the brigand-bands infesting the northern declivities of the extensive range of mountains.

In Berthold, the vine-dresser, however, it was remarked that a notable alteration had been effected, whether on account of the circumstances in which his brother had been involved, or from other causes. The young man, immediately after the funeral of Nicolo, appeared to change both in demeanor and character. He no longer seemed the morose and repellant being which the villagers had so long considered him. His looks become serious, without sullemness; he mingled often with the peasants, apparently seeking their good opinion; and he became, norover, a constant attendant of mass at the little chapel in which Padre Ambrosio officiated. It was commented upon by many as a marvellous occurrence, that the vine-dresser should present so great an improvement; but the wonder of all was excited when, in a short time, not lay was Berthold, but the old Monna Barbars, beheld on the Sabbath morninga winding their way, with sober looks, to listen to the priest and join in his simple worship. What occasioned the apparent regeneration of Berthold, and how far it was genuine, will appear in the sequel of events.

The spring-time began to advance through the more sheltered valleys, awift footed and laden with all good gifts. Flowers and fruitage came to adom the hilsides, and the Easter featival was at hand which, after the long season of fats, enjoined by the church, and more religiously observed in these districts than at the great capital of Rome, the youths and maids welcomed with glad anticipations.

Nicolo had not left his grandchild destitute of the world's goods; for a life of frugality had enabled him to lay by a small store, designed at first for Bianca's marriage portion, but now (a sadder gift) become his funerab sequent. It was no great legacy, to be sure, but it sufficed for the maiden's ample wants, especially as, after the old guide's death, his sister Agata joined with the little means, and removing from the neighboring valley, took up her abode in the cottage. Beneath the protection of her nam, Bianca kept herself retired from the little village world. In vain the brisk young hunters and peasants, with their gaily embroidered jackets thrown jamily over their shoulders, came often before the cottage gate, to ask of aunt Agata how fared that worthy dame's health, and—incidentally, of course—that of her lovely niece. In vain tid many a bouquet of early bissoons, with more substantial gifts from mountaineer and villager, fool their way to good Agata's hands, reminding her of the time when she herself was young and lifting not her eyes from the ground, save when, on the Sabbath or saints' days, she slowly passed from her dwelling to the little chapel of the hills, holding closely to Agata's arm, and lifting not her eyes from the ground, save when, on the Sabbath or saints' days, she slowly passed from the dwelling to the little chapel of the hills, holding closely to Agata's arm, and lifting not her eyes from the prosmed word, was one who certainly seemed the last person wordy, was one who certainly seemed the last person wordy, was one who certainly seemed the last person wordy, was one who certainly seemed

The true reason of Bianca's favor was not, weever, fathomed by the gossips—which reason

I will ta

was simply that the maiden believed Berthold to have leved his brother, and truly befriended him in assisting his escape. The vine-dresser had acquainted her of the fact that he had liberated Valentine, on the very night when that event took place, and thereafter Blanca, chrishing as she did an unchangeable affection for her lover, began to entertain a feeling of gratitude to his brother, which manifested itself on the few occasions when they met. It was ever with a thought of the exited Valentine, and perhance with the faint hope that she might hear intelligence of him, that she so quickly raised her glance when Berthold greeted her, and thus appeared to distinguish him from the rest of her admirers.

But Berthold—what thought he! We shall learn if we follow him from the church, after one of his brief interviews with Binnez, and accompany him to the place where we first encountered him—that is to the hat of Monna Barbars; but before doing this, it is necessary that we return for a space to the vine-dresser's much injured brother.

### CHAPTER XVI.

AN ARMY IN THE ALPS.

"QTI VIVE?" was the sudden and sharp demand of a sentinel who, at the entrance of a rough gorge, held his position as one of the long line of piquet guards—the outpots of a French army, occupying all the passes of the Alps which aloged toward the fertile plains of Lombardy. This was the grand body of troops, in three divisions, destined to become widely known as "The Army of Italy," now under conduct of General Bonaparte, who had been despatched by the Directory of France to assume the chief command.

"Qui wice?" was thus demanded by the diminutive Gallie sentinel of a man who had just abruptly presented himself within musker-range, apparently climbing from a narrow and precipious fougath intersecting the main defile. The individual addressed responded by advancing a few paces, and holding out his hands to show that he was unarmed, save only with a common hunter's staff.
"Amico"

hunter's staff.

"Amico!"

"Advance with the word!"

The last order was not replied to so readily as the first, for the reason that it seemed unintelligible to the Italian hunter—for such he appeared to be—who now stood plainly revealed amid the brownish twilight that pervaded the mountain passes. Nevertheless, the new comer continued to advance, until the sentinel, apprehending treachery, brought his musket to a level, and was about to press the trigger—in which event no further parley would have been ours to chronicle,—but at this moment the measured tramp of men was heard in the gorge, and a squad of the relief guard suddenly approached on its round to place the sunset watch. The sentinel seeing himself in presence of an officer, recovered his arms for the saltet, and then pointing to the intruding Italian, who had halted and was leaning upon his staff, said to the corporal:

"Whether you fellow means mischief, I know

the introduction of the control of t

the lesson 1"

"Bravo!—well said, my Swiss comrade; and as yon are willing to join the grand army which is to give liberty to all nations, and make all of us rich as lorsh, be so good as to fall in at onee, and we shall shortly be as firm friends, I doubt not, as if we had made the campaign together. March 1"
So assine the

March!" So saying the corporal led the way along the gorge, and the "Little Jacques," as the sentinel was called who had been relieved, found himself, a monent afterwards, marching side by side with the hunter, at whose breast he had so lately pointed a deadly weapon. Such a different sequel was this to what would have been presented, had not the relief goard come at the nick of time to save the stranger's body from a newbork ball. musket ball.

# [TO BE CONTINUED.]

A TERKINI WILL.

A TERKINI WILL.

A testator left to his eldest son one half of his horses, to his second son one third of his horses, to his shored son one nimth of his horses. The executor did not know what to do, as seventeen will neither divide be two, nor by three, nor by more all the did not know what to do, as seventeen the contract of the distribution of t

[Written for The Flag of our Union.] HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

## BY MARY N. DEARBO

quaint and lovely spot h the spreading elm, easant visions throng ti I mark a quinti and lovely spot Beneasth the spreading vin, where pleasant visions throug the soal, From sensory's sensite resim. The grass-plot green, that slopeth still Defere the open door, Back boah and shrub that gently wave, As to the days of yore—the murranting brook still giding by, The madder, when had green, The model, when had green, Within the market still be supported by the still be supported by the still be supported by the suppo

That bake ms welcome home. But when a father's face is met, I note the changing seems; And all those levely visions fit; I note the changing seems; And all those levely visions fit; Why mingies not that leving voles With his, in tender tone? With his, in tender tone? Or why comes not those heatening feet, In answer to my own? Those segar retays are hackened, now, And seant seats are found to-day, Within those haldword walls. For Change hath greend her manted da Around our father's hearth—And direk, the darking of the field. Gallet on a brighter manken, far, Upon a sunnier shore, Where darkened shadows never fall, And story women to more.

And serrow comes no more.

And next, that voice whose gentle four Fall sweetly on my car.

Jeal sweetly on my car.

Is mingding in the scoge of low.

That scrapph by to bear?

That scrapph by to bear?

"I're done with tolks and foars,

And entered on the billend ourse
of heaven's eternal years?

"I're done with tolks and foars,

To stem life's swelling seaTo stem life's swelling stem.

To stem life's swelling stem.

The path that I'm yersel,

This path that I'm yersel,

This path that I'm yersel,

This path that I'm yersel,

The path that I'm yersel,

The path that I'm yersel,

The stem with undounted steps,

The path that I'm yersel,

The path that I'm yersel,

This path that I'm yersel,

This path that I'm yersel,

The stem with the shinking host,

Who low beyond the dead!

The and some the supplement indoore

Shall mark our ended wor.

While far beyond the present life,

And take our upward flight.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

# THE TEMPLAR'S BRIDE.

## BY H. C. PARSONS.

In the northern part of England, on the confines of the county of Cumberland, there stood, as the time our tale opens, the preceptory of Warrick, a stronghold of the "most holy Margints of the Temple." The morning sun had just risen, shedding a flood of golden light upon its lofly towers, and massive battlements, when a man wrapped in the white cloak of a knight stood before its walls. He appeared desirous to avoid observation, for, stealing in the shadow of its walls, he reached a place where the most was narrow, and like one accustomed to the straingen, by a powerful exertion of strength, he leaped across the shining water. As small door by the side of one of the highest towers was before. He opened it with a key which he took from his boson, and passed into the garden of the preceptory. With the same carefulness he stole through the garden, up a private staircase, through a long hall, and into the garden of the preceptory. The statement was the weak of the preceptory. The more freely. Rapidly divesting himself of his garments he threw himself upon his couch. Not long was he destined to enjoy the sleep he appeared so mean to desire. A knock upon his door startled him, but before he could speak it was opened, and the intruder walked into the room.

"Ah, Sir Edward, you have returned," said

"Ah, Sir Edward, you have returned," said

"Yes, Sir Hugo, and would that I had never

What! Can Rosa have proved false ?'

"No," said the other, starting from his coucl No, Sir Hugo D'Aubry, she is true to me now ut how will she feel towards me when she learn he truth?"

"What mean you?"

but how will she test towards me when she teams the truth ?"
"What mean you?"
"Do you not see? I am a Templar; I have vowed before high Heaven to live a life of celibace, and I have broken that vow."
"You are not married?"
"You are not married?"
"Listen, for you must know all. You know that for some months past I have wood the lovely Rosa. I could not, I dared not wrong her. Yesterlay I told her of my love; I represented myself to be, as I had before, a soldier of fortune, a count of France. I urged her to an immediate union, and she did not refuse. Last night, in the old church near the village, we were married. No one was present, save her mother and the priest. Poor girl, poor girl, how I have always assumed when I visited her. But to-day seasumed when I visited her. But to-day she shall know all; I will reveal to her the dread secret, and then fly with her to some distant nation, where, forgetting and forgiving all, we may yet be happy."
"I I fear that you have been too hasty."
"I fear that you have been too hasty."
"Sir Hugo, for to night I leave England forever."
"Farewell, Sir Edward. I hope that I shall soon meet you, when you will be happy."
Sir Hugo left the room as he spoke. Scarcely had the door closed before a fieadish smile ap-

peared upon his dark features, and his lips curl-ed as he muttered:

"Never Walland, Sir Edward? Never while
I am a Templar. Ah, little do you know the
love I have, and still do bear the Lady Ross, or
you would not yet dream of safety. But I have
to prevent his departure!" He mused for a
moment, as he walked the hall. At length he
said, slowly, "There is no capher way; he must
be arrested and die," then walking rapidly along
the hall he entered the room of the preceptor of
the order.

saus, stowty, "There is no cipher way; he must be arrested and die," then walking rapidly along the hall he entered the room of the preceptor of the order.

When the morning duties were performed Sirdward Wentworth mounted on his red roan steed passed out of the portal, and over the drawbridge of the preceptory. He rode slowly for a moment until a small clump of trees hid him from the eastle, then urging his horse to its greatest speed, he rode rapidly across the forest. For more than an hour he conflies of the forest. Hastily dismounting he threw off the the ruis not a small hat on the conflies of the forest. Hastily dismounting he threw off the white cloak of a Templay, and drew from a concealed place among the old timbers, a rich green mantle which he put on over his armor. Again he mounted his horse, but this time he rode more slowly. In a few moments he stood on the top of a small hat on the top of a small had not a similar willage. He rode toward is, but just before reaching it, he turned aside, and plunged into a thicket which grew by the read-side. Then dismonting he factened his horse, and wrapping his manile across his breast, walket towards a rained founties. He rode toward is not on one near, for after waiting a moment, with a look of alarm he sprang to his feet. A merry laugh then broke from a thicket hard by, and a beautiful girl, bursting from it, ran forward and threw her arms around Sir Edward's neck.

"False knight," said she, laughingly, "a false height," said she, in a voice of alarm. "You look ill."

"No excuse, sir. I see I must forgive you. "Ross," add the knight, disengaging himself from her embrace, and walking a few paces back, to when the second of the mantle from his morning to reveal to you a secret which no longer must be concealed. You have trusted in me, depended on my honor; and how have I fulfilled that trust' Look, Ross," he eried, earing the mantle from his

"Ross, I have come this morning to reveal to you a sceret which no longer must be concealed. You have trusted in me, depended on my honor; and how have I fulfilled that trust? Lock, Ross," he cried, tearing the manule from his breast, and displaying upon his glittering armor the blood red cross. "Lock, behold the Templar!"

the blood red cross. "Look, behold the Templar!"
With a look of agony she gazed a moment upon that symbol, and then fell senseless. He rushed forward and grasped her in his arms. Gently he lifed her, and bore her to the fountain. He laid her softly on the bank, and reached over to procure some water, when a rustiling was heard in the thicket, and six armed men, dressed in the dusky garments of the retainers of the Templars, rushed towards and seized him. Six Edward strangeled for a moment to free himself, but seeing that it was all in vain, he turned to the men, and haughtily demanded, "By whose authority they arrested a Knight Templar!"
"By the order of the most holy Preceptor of Warwick," said a votice in the thicket, and at the same moment a new actor appeared upon the scene.

"Who spoke then?" said Sir Edward, starting. "I surely recognized that voice. Who are you who thus dares to arrest me?"
"Sir Hugo D'Aubry," said the person addressed, at the same time litting his visor, "a true knight of our order, and not one who has forgotten his vows to God. Away with him, soldiers, to the preceptory."
"Stay one moment, if you are men. My wife, my wedded, lawfal wife, lies there insensible. Sir Hugo, as you hope for salvation, let me see her but a moment."

"She needs not your assistance, she shall be well cared for. Away, men, I command you,

begone!"
They dragged Sir Edward from the spot, while he struggled desperately for his liberty. They bound his hands behind his back, and placing him on a horse, they started for the castle. Meanwhile Sir Hugo raised the still insensible gir in his arms, and gased steadfastly upon her

gilt in his arms, and gaued steadfastly upon her marble features.

"Humph," said he, "fair mistress, a bride but for a day, how frightened you will be when you awake. The fool who married you will soon he no more, and in a dangeon we shall see, if you will again scorn Sir Hugo D'Aubry," He hore her in his arms to his hornes, gently placed her in the saddle before him, and follow-ed he addless on the wavendress.

Placed her in the saddle before him, and followed the soldiers to the preceptory.

The great hall of the castle was arranged for a trial. The bright sunbanns streaming through the stained glass of the windows, glittered on burnished gold, and shining steel. At one end was scated in his chair of state the Preceptor of Warwick. Around the side stood the knights clothed in their winte garments, and behind them stood the retainers dressed in the dusky costumes of noviciates. Sir Hago D'Aubry, with a smile of triumph upon his countenance, stood by the side of the preceptor. A strange sight it was to all to see a Knight Templar brought before the chief of his order to be tried for his life. But the preceptor had been urged to this course by the arguments and threats of Sir Hugo, and

was to all to see a Knight Templar brought be-fore the chief of his order to be tried for his life. But the preceptor had been urged to this course by the arguments and threats of Sir Hugo, and he had determined that Sir Edward should die. He gave the signal, and heavily inoned the prisoner was brought before him. He was very pale, but firmly and art-aluntoily he stood before them all, and with a glance full of scorn he an-swered the sneering smile of Sir Hugo. In the milest of a deep and profound silence the accusa-tion was read. A low murmar ran through the hall as the witness for the prosecution was nam-ed. The friendship of the two had been known on all the knights, and all supposed that Sir Hugo was Sir Edward's fastest friend. The angry glance of the preceptor silled the mutch-ings for a moment, but again they broke forth until the chief rising from his chair loully de-manded silence. A solemn stillness reigned through the vast hall; but at that instant the

sound of a horse dashing rapidly across the drawbridge arrested the attention of all. The sound ceased, but a moment after there was a disturbance at the lower end of the hall, and the figure of a knight, armed in proof, and flery red with speed, appeared forcing his way towards the preceptor. He reached the open space before the chair of state, and handed the chief a note. "Quick, quick, my lord, read it. "Tis on business of moment."

The preceptor tore open the billet. It contained these lines: "The line has boken its fetters. Richard of England has escaped from his Austrian dungoon. Malvoish is arrested; the preceptory of Templestam has been destroyed. Come with all your knights to the village to meet the grandmaster."

"By whom was this sent?" said he, turning to the messenger.

"By hom was this sent?" said he, turning to the messenger.

"Ab! Is it so?" said the preceptor, springing from his chair. "Arm, sons of the temple. Mount, mount, and follow our banner! This moment we must leave these walls to meet the grand-master, at yonder village. Quick, prepare!"

A loud shout burst from the knights as they rushed from the hall.

pare I'm should burst from the knights as they rashed from the hall.

"My lord, you have forgotten the prisoners," asid Sic Hugo to the preceptor.

"No, not forgotten. Sic Edward Wentworth, you are condemned to death. Ho, men," said he to the retainers, who yet lingered in the hall, "bear this knight to the dangeon where the lady is confined, and then retarn to me."

The servitors seized the prisoner, and dragged him away.

he to the retainers, who yet lingered in the hall, "bear this knight to the dangeon where the hady is confined, and then return to me."
The servicins seized the prisoner, and dragged him sway.
"Now, Sir Hago, are you satisfied? But, come, we have no time to lose. Sir Eustace of Pembroke will be here within an hour. To horse, to horse!"
They rode forth from that grim old preceptory, a strong, a noble body of men. The white garments of the knights with the blood red cross upon the left shoulder, showe and it dusty color of their retainers, while the splendid trappings of their horses, and the wild, oriental music of the band gave to the seens an air of gayety and grandeur. Sir Hago, with a look of anger and impatience, rode by the side of the preceptor. They had passed into the forest, when a thought seemed saddenly to occur to the mind of the former, for, turning quickly round, he said:
"The books, the records of our order, have been left behind, they must be saved. I will return for them," and without waiting for an answer, the knight wheeled his horse, and rode swiftly back to the castle. He galloped over the drawbridge into the now silent and descrete court-yard. Quickly dismounting he passed into the room of the jailor, and hastily selected a bunch of keys. Then opening the large door that left to the dungeons of the castle, he lighted a lamp, and began his descent. Rapidly he made his way along narrow passages and dismall vanits, until he paused before the lowest dungeon before he lowest dungeon before he lowest dungeon before he castle, he lighted a lamp, and began his descent. Rapidly he made his way along narrow passages and dismall vanits, until he paused before the lowest dungeon before he lowest dungeon before he lowest dungeon before he lowest dungeon beneath the castle.
With an effort he threw open the iron door, which grated on its rusty hinges, and passed into the cell of Edward and Rosa. The former was standing, chained in the middle of the room, gazing upon Rosa, who had fallen into an unquiet s

you."
"I saw how it would be," said Hugo, with a sneer. "Come, Lady Rosa, you must and shall go with me." As he said this, he seized her in

"Villain, you dare not part us."
"Indeed," said Hugo. At the

"Villain, you dare not part us."
"Indeed," said Hugo. At the same moment
he graspel Rosa with all his strength, and tore
her shricking from Sir Edward's arms. He
rushed to the door of the cell, but at that instant
a lond shout was heard above, there was a rush
of many feet, a glare of torches, and a knight
armed in proof stoot before him.

"Ah, what have we here!" the stranger lond-

armed in proof stood before him.

"Ah, what have we here "the stranger loudly demanded.

"Sir Bustace of Pembroke," cried Edward,
"resene that lady if you are a true knight."

"What, this is Sir Hugo D'Aulvry," said the
stranger. "Die, thou dog, and receive the doom
you so justly merit?" The sword of Sir Eustace
was sheathed in Sir Hugo's breast, and the
traitor fell dead upon the dangeon floor.

"I came in good time, Sir Edward. The
shrieks of this lady alarmed me; to her you ove
your rescue. But come with me, the king will
be here anon."

Through the powerful influence of Richard of
England, Sir Edward procured a dispensation
from the pope, and was in consequence released
from his vows. A happy day it was for him
when he carried Rosa to his castle, and the loud
shouts of the servitors rang through the halls,
and her mother awaked her in the door-way to
welcome the Newsyles.

SMALL FAULTS.—Homes are more often dark-ened by the continual recurrence of small faults than by the actual presence of any decided vice. These evils are apparently of very dissimilar magnitude; yet it is easier to grapple with the one than the other.

FLOWERS.

BY L W. BROWN

Resulting in tones of guishing tendengers, in a state of guishing tendent of guishing tendent child, and like low saturation of the Substant child, guishing tendent child, guishing tendent child, guishing the saturation of the Substant child, and shalling devention to very breast. Flower speak to use faith, of transing hope Ken every bloscom holds a lesson forth—Rearing their tender lessven in every sook. Noath Heaven's protecting power alone. Noath Heaven's protecting power alone. See what a joyue peace their presence brings Unit the side ham, on his suffering couch; but he will be a seen to be suffered growth the bases the surround of their guish to see the seen of the seen to be suffered growth. The bases the surrours of their guist to use Whitepering to him of heaven, and its joy—Until the almost decess some angel pure Is bending o'er him.

And childhood loves
To claim companionably with them, for they
Are smibleness of itself—of innocempe.
Of brightest hopes, and all that childhood is.
Ab, rightly called the "postry of earth,"
For there is maught of loveliness or worth—
Of matchines goodness, sublistily, or truth—
Bits ye do shadow firstl. Teach as all and the companion of the co

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## LITTLE FLOY:

# HOW A MISER WAS RECLAIMED.

all the houses which Martin Kendrick

Or all the houses which Martin Kendrick owned, he used the oldest and meanest for his own habitation. It was an old tumble-down building on a narrow street, which had already lived out more than it as populated term of service, and was no longer fit to "cumber the ground." But the owner still clump to it, the more, perhaps, because it stood there in its deon-inton; unsightly and weather-beaten, it was no unit emblem of himself.

Martin the miser! Years of voluntary privation such as in most cases follows only in the train of the extremest penury, had given him a claim to the appellation. It might be considered somewhat inconsistent with his natural character that, with the exception of the one room which he occupied, the romainder of the large honse was loft tensatiless. After all, it was not so difficult to account for. He could not bear the idea of having immediate neighbors. Who knows but they might seize the opportunity afforded by his absence, and ro bhim of the gains of many years which, distrusting banks and other places of deposit, he kept in a strong box under his own immediate charge.

Martin had not always been a miser. No one ever becomes so at once, though doubless the propensity to it is stronger in some than in others. Years ago—so many that at this time the recollection came to him dimly, like the faint sound of an almost forgotten tune—years ago when the blood of youth poured is impetuous current through his veins, he married a fair girl, whose life he had shortened by his dissipated habits, and the indifference and even cruelty to which the place had a him of the property which he inherited from his father excepted from his grasp. These two events, the first had a few places of the same degree, until, at least, he had recovered his losses, and, so far as fortune went, was restord-to the same position which he had occupied at the commence of his career.

But it is not for man to say, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther,"—to give himself up heady and sant to care.

ment of his career.

But it is not for man to say, "Thus far shalt
thou go and no farther,"—to give himself up
body and soul to one engrossing pursuit, and at
the end of a limited time wean himself from it.

tion go and no farther,"—to give himself up body and soul to one engrossing pursuit, and at the end of a limited time wean himself from it.

Habit grows by what it feeds on. It was not long before the passion of acquisition acquired a controlling influence over the mind of Martin Kendrick. He reached the peint which he had presented to himself, but it stayed him not. Every day his privations, self imposed though they were, became more pinching, his craving for gold more insatiable. Long ago he had cut himself off from all fiendship—all acquaintance, save of a business character—all the pleasures and amenities of social intercourse. He made no visits, save to his temants, and those early on quarter day. Now were these visits of an agreeable character to those favored with them, for Martin was not a merciful landlord. He invariably demanded the uttermost farthing that was his due, and neither sickness to lack of employment had the power for a moment to soften his heart or delay the execution of his purpose. His mind was drawn in toiself, and like an uncultivated field, was into itself, and like an uncultivated field and ence hid, a girl, named Florence. At the time of her mother's death she was but six years of age. He had loved her, perhaps, as much as it was in his tower to love any one, and as long as as he remained with him he did not withdraw himself so entirely from human companionship. But at the age of seventeen she became acquainted with a young mm—a mechanic—in whose favor her affections were soon

namer, in whom the love of gold was strong, on account of his poverty, drove him with scorn from his door.

The young man was not to be baulked thus. He contrived to meet Florence secretly, and after a while persuaded her to forstack her home, and units her fortunes with his—with the less difficulty, since that home offered but few attractions to one of her age.

Her father's indignation was extreme. All advances towards reconciliation on the part of the newly-wedded pair were received with bitterness of scorn, which effectually prevented their repetition. From that time Martin Kendrick settled down into the cold, papthetic, and solitary existence which has been described above. Gradually the love of gain blotted out from his remembrance the remembrance of his children, whom he never met. They had removed from the city, though he knew it not, and the total want of interest which he displayed respecting them, discouraged any idea which they might have entertained of informing him.

"It's a cold night," quoth Martin to himself, as he sat before the least gimmering which could decently be called a fire in the apartment which he occupied. He cast a wistful glance towards a pile of wood which lay beside the grate. He lifted one, and poised it for a moment, glancing, meanwhile, at the fire, as if a tisfed that this would produce additional warmth without the drawback of expense.

It was indeed a cold night. The chill blasts were well-as a search of the search with the drawback of expense.

nearer the fire, as if satisfied that this would produce additional warmh without the drawback of expense.

It was indeed a cold night. The chill blasts swept with relentless rigor through the streets, sending travellers home with quickened state, and causing the guardiam of the public peace, as they stood at their appointed stations, to wrap their overcoats more closely about them. On many a hearth the fire blazed brightly, in composed defiance of the insidious visitor who shuns the abodes of opulence, but forces his unwelcome try into the habitations of the poor.

A child, thinly clad, was roaming through the streets. Every gust as it swept along chilled her completely through, and, at length, unable to go farther, she sank down at the portal of Martin Kendrick's dwelling. Extreme cold gave recoursely, and, with a trembling hand, she lifted the huge knecker. It fell from har nerveliess grasp, and the unwonted sound penetrated into the room where Martin sat covering over his feeble fire. He was startled—terrified even—as the nusual sound came to his ears, echoing through the empty rooms in the old house.

"Who can it be? Robbers' "thought he, as he walked to the door. "I will wait and see if it is repeated."

It was repeated.
"He was repeated."

it is repeated."

It was repeated.
"Who's there?" he exclaimed, in a somewhat tremulous voice, as he stood with his hand upon the latch.
"It's me," said a low, shivering voice from

thout.
"And who's me?"
"Floy, little Floy," was the answer.
"And what do you want here at this time of

night?"
"I am freezing. Let me come in and sit by
the fire, if only for a moment. I shall die upon ne fire, if only for a momen our steps." The old man deliberated.

The old man deliberated.

"You're sure you're not trying to get in after my money—what little I have! There isn't anybody with you, is there is'
"No one. There is only me. O, sir, do let me in! I am so cold!"
The bolt was cautiously withdrawn, and Martia, opening a crack, peered forth, suspiciously. But the only object that met his gaze was a little girl, of ten years of sge, crouching on the steps in a way to avail herself of all the natural warmth she had.

"Will you let me come in 1" said she, imploringly.

"Will you let me come in?" said she, imploringly,
"You had better go somewhere else. I haven't much of a fire. I don't keep much, it burns out firel so fist. You had better go where they keep better fires."
"O, sir, the lesst fire will relieve me so much, and I haven't strength to go any farther!"
"Well, you may come in,—if you'e seare you haven't come to steal anything."
"I never steal. It's wicked."
"Umph! Well, I hope you'll remember it. This is the way."

naven't come to steal anything."

"I never steal. "I's wicktd."

"Umph! Well, I hope you'll remember it. This is the way."

He led her into the little room which he occupied. She sprang to the fire, little inviting as it was, and eagerly spread out both hands before it. She seemed actually to drink in the heat, scentry as it was, as welcome did it prove to her childed and benambed limbs.

A touch of humanity came to the miser, or perhaps his own experience of the cold stimulated him to the eat, for after a few moments' deliberation he took two sticks from the pile of fuel and threw them upon the fire. They cracked and burnt, diffusing, for the time, a cheerful warmth about the apartment. The little girl looked up gratefully, and thanked him for what she regarded as an act of kindness to herself.

"But's high, very high, and it takes a fearful quantity to keep a fire poing."

"But what a pleasant fire it maken," said the little girl, as she looked at the flames curling fantastically aloft.

"Why, yes," said Martin, in a solloquizing tone, "it is comfortable, but it wouldn't do thave it burns ob bright. It would ruit me completely."

"Then you are poor 1" said the little girl, looking about the room. The furniture was scauty, consisting only of the most indispensable articles, and those of the cheapest kind. They had been all picked up as second-hand stores for little or nothing.

It is no wonder that little Floy asked the question. Nevertheless, the miser looked suspiciously at her, as if there were some covert meaning in her words. But she looked so operly and frankly at him, as quite to disarm any suspicions he might entertain.

"Poor!" he at length answered. "Yes, I m, or should be if I plunged into extravagant ving and expenses of every kind," and he look-d half regretfully at the sticks which had burned ut, and were now smouldering in the grate.

had regretfully at the sticks which were now amouldering in the greate, it, and were now amouldering in the greate. "Well," said 1819, "I am poor, too, and so ere father and mother. But I think I am noter than you, for I have no home at all, no nouse to live in, and no fire to keep me warm."
"Then where do you live?" asked the miser.
"I don't live anywhere," said the child,

"I don't live anywhere," said the simply,
"But where do you stay!"
"Where I can. I generally walk about the streets in the day time, and when I feel cold I go into some store to warm myself. They don't always let me stay long. They call me ragged, and a beggar, I suppose," she continued, casting a glance at her thin dress, which it some places was torn and dirty, from long wearing. "I suppose it's all true, but I can't help it."
"Where do you think of going to night!" asked Martin, abruply.
"I don't know. I haven't any place to go to, and it's very cold. Wont you let me stay here!" asked the child, imploringly.

The miser started.

here !" asked the child, imploringly.

The miser started.

"How can you stay here? Here's only one room, and this I occupy."

"Let me lie down on the floor anywhere. It will be better than to go out into the cold streets."

will be better than to go out into the cold streets."

The miser paused. Even he, callous as his extreets."

The miser paused. Even he, callous as his heart had become, would not willingly thrust out a young child into the street, where, in all probability, nules succor came, she would perish from the severity of the weather.

After a little considerr.

After a little considerrion, he took the fragment of a candle which was burning on the table, and bidding Etoy follow him, led the wastint or a room near by, which was quite destitute of furniture, save a small cot-bed in the corner. It had been left there when Martin Kendrick first took possession of the house, and had remained undistured ever since. A quilt which, though tattered, was still thick and warm, was spread over it.

"There," said Martin, pointing it out to Floy, who followed him closely, "there is a bed. It hasn't been slept in for a great many years, but 1 suppose it will do as well as any other. You can sleep there, if you want to."

"Then I shall have a bed to sleep in," said Floy, joyfully. "It is sometime since I have elept on anything softer than a board, or perhaps a rug,"

Martin was about to leave her alone, when he

Floy, joyfully. "It is sometime since I have slept on anything softer than a board, or perhaps a rug."
Martin was about to leave her alone, when he chanced to think that the room would be dark.
"You can undress in the dark, can't you?"
In inquired. "I haven't got but one light. I can't afford to keep more."
"O, I shan't take my clothes off at all," said the young girl. "I never do."
She got into bed, spread the quilt over her, and was asleep in less than five minutes.
Marin Kendrick went back to his room. He did not immediately retire to bed, but sat for a few minutes pondering on the extraordinary chance, for in his case it was certainly extraordinary, which had thrown a young girl as it were under his protection, though but for a limited time. He was somewhat bewildered, so unexpectedly had the event happened, and could scarcely even now realize that it was so.

But the warning sound of a neighboring church-clock, as it proclaimed midnight, interrupted the train of his reflections, and he prepared for bed, not neglecting, so strongly was the feeling of suspicion implanted in him, to secure the door by means of a bot. When he asoke the sun was shining through the windows of his room. Opening it a little wasp, he saw Floy standing before that knock was heard at the door of his room. Opening it a little wasp, he saw Floy standing before the work had been a faint knock was heard at the door of his room. Opening it a little wasp, he saw Floy standing before the nor all the warning through the windows of his room. What, you here now?" he inquired.

"Yes. Where should I go 3 Besides, I did not want to unlock the front door without your permission."

"That is quite right," said Martin. "Some one show was little to the comment of the produce of the comment of the comm

not want to unlock the front door without your permission."

"That is quite right," anid Martin. "Some one who was ill-disposed might have entered and stolen, that is, if he could have found anything worth taking."

"And now, sir, if you please, I'll make your bed," said the child, entering the room. "I've made the cont I slept in."

Martin locked on without a word, while Floy, taking his sidence for assent, proceeded to roll back the clothes, shake the bed vigorously, and then spread them over again. Expying a broom at one corner of the room, she took it and swept up the hearth neally. She then glaned towards the miser who had been watching her motions, as if to assertain whether they met with his approval. "So you can work," said be, after a pause.

as it to ascertain whether they met with his approval.

"So you can work," said he, after a pause.
"O yes, mother used to teach me! I wish," said she, after a while, brightening up as if struck with a new idea, "I wish you would let me stay here, and I would work for you. I would make your bed, take care of your room, and keep everything nice. Besides I could get your bed, take care of your room, and keep everything nice. Besides I could get your dinners."
"Sany with me! Impossible. I don't have much to do, besides I couldn't afford it."
I's wont cost you anything," said Floy, carnestly. "I know how to sew, and when I am not doing something for you, I can sew for money, and give it to you."

This like seamed to make some impossions

doing something for you, I can sew for money, and give it to you."
This idea seemed to produce some impression upon the miser's mind.
"But how do I know," said he, a portion of his old sampicions returning, "how do I know but you will steal off some day, and carry something with you !" I never steal," said Floy, half indignantly; "besides, I have no place to go to if I should leave here."

would be against her interest to injure him in any such way, an argument which weighed more heavily than any protestations on her part would have done, at length said:

"Well, you may stay, at least a while. I suppose you are hungry. There's a loaf of bread in the closet. You may eats you fix his but don't eat too much. It's—it's hurful to the health to cat too much."

"When will you be home to get some dinners" asked the child.

"About noon. Perhaps I will bring some
sewing for you to do."

"O, I hope you will! Is will seem so nice
not to be obliged to be walking about the streets,
but to be seated in a pleasant room, sawing."

When Marin came home at noon, instead of
finding the room cheerless and cold as he had
been wont, the fire was burning brightly, diffusing a pleasant warmth about the apartment.
Floy had set the table in the entre of the room,
with some difficulty, it must be confessed, for it
was ricketty, and would not stand even, owing
to one of the legs being shorter than the rest.
This, however, she had remedied by placing a
chip under the deficient member. There was
no cloth on, for this was an article which Martin
did not number among his possessions. Floy
had substituted two towels which united covered
perhaps half the table.
A portion of the loaf, for there was but one,
she had toasted by the fire, and this had been
placed on a separate plate from the other. On
the whole, therefore, though it was far from
being a sumptuous repast, everything looked
clean and neat, and this alone adds increased
exist to the appetite. At least, Martin felt more
of an appetite than usual, and between them the
two despatched all that had been provided.
"Is there any more bread in the closet?" asked Martin.

"Non" said Floy, "it is all gone."

"Is there any more bread in the closet?" ask-ed Martin.

"She's aid Floy, "it is all gone."

"Then I must bring some home when I return to supper."

"I have been thinking," said Floy, hesitatingly, "that if you would trust me to do it, and would bring home the materials, I would make some bread, and that would be cheaper than buying it, and besides it would give me some-thing to do."

"What," asked Martin, as he looked with an air of surprise at the diminuitive form of little Floy, "Do you know how to make bread? How came a child like you to learn it"

"Mother used to be sick a good deal," said Floy, "and was confined to learn be could do nothing herself. She used to direct me what to do, so that after a while I came to know how to cook as well as sho."

"Well, what shall I have to bring home?" asked the miser, whom the hint of its being cheeper had enlisted in favor of the plan.
"Let me see," said Floy, as he saa down, and began to reflect. "There's flour and salcratus, and sall, but we've got the salt, so you need only get the first two."

"Very well, I will attend to it. O, I forgot "Very well, I will attend to it. O, I forgot "Very well, I will attend to it. O, I forgot

and salt, but we've government get the first two."

"Very well, I will attend to it. O, I forgot to ask which sewing you know how to do. Can you make shirs as"

"Yes, I have made a good many."

"Then I will bring you home some to-night

if I can get any."

When she had cleared away the dinner dishes,

if I can get any."

When she had cleared away the dinner disbes, washed them, and put them in the closet, an operation which the simplicity of the meal rendered but a short one. Floy began to look round her to see what sels seb could do. A desire seized her to explore the old house, of which so many rooms had for years remained deserted. They were bare and desolate, inhabited only by spiders and crickets, who occupied them renfree. It might have been years, perhaps, since they had echoed to the steps of a human foot. They looked dark and gloomy enough to have been witness to many a dark deed of midnight assassination. But it was all fancy, doubtless, and in little Floy, they produced no other feeling than that of chilliness. She rummaged all the closets with a feeling of carroist, but found nothing in any one of them to reward her search until she came to the last. There was a large roll of something on the floor, which, on examination, proved to be a small carpet, quite dirty, and somewhat moth-eaten. It had probably been left there indavertently, and remained undiscovered until the present moment. Floy spread it out and examined the critically. As his been left there inadvertently, and remained undiscovered until the present moment. Floy spread it out, and examined it critically. An idea struck her which she hastened to put into execution. Threading her way buck to the miser's room, she procured a stout stick which stood in the corner, and going back, gave the carpet a sound beating, which nearly stifled her with dast. Nevertheless, she presevered, and soon got it into quite a respectable state of cleanness. She then managed, by a considerable effort, to lug it to Matrin's room, and in an hour or so had spread it out, and finally fastened it by means of some tacks which she found in one corner of the closet. The effect was certainly wonderful. The carpet actually gave the room a very copy and comfort.

tacks which abe found in one corner of the closet. The effect was certainly wonderfal. The carpet actually gave the room a very coay and comfort-able appearance; and little Floy took considerable credit to herself for the metamorphosis.

"What will be asy?" thought she. "I won-der whether he will be pleased?"
It was but a few minutes after this change had been effected that Martin came in. It was about three o'clock, sooner than Floy expected him, but he had thought that she might require the materials early in order to make preparations for the evening meal.

As he opened the door he started back in sur-prise at the changed appearance of the room. It occurred to him for a moment that he had stray-ed into the wrong place, but the sight of Floy sitting at the window re-assured him, and he went in.

"What is all this?" he inquired, in "a bewil-dered tone.
Floy enjoyed his surprise. She told him in what manner she had effected the change, and asked him if he did not like it. He could not do otherwise than answer in the affirmative, and in truth an unusual sense of comfort came over him, as he sat down, and looked about him. Floy had taken possession of the flour, and was already buy in kneading it. "Now," and she, after this was done, "I must put it down by the fire to rise. That will not take long, and then it will be ready to bake," "Have you got any shirts for me!" she in-quired, after a while.

"Have you got any same on medium, after a while.
"Yes," said Martin, recollecting himself, and unrolling a bundle which he had placed on the table. "There are half a dozen for you to begin on, and if you do them well, you can have some

Floy looked pleased.
"Now," said sho, "I shall have something to be when you are away."

when you are away."
"You like to be doing something?" said Mar-

"You like to be doing something 3" said Mar-tin, inquiringly,"
"O yes, I can't bear to be idle."
Martin did not go out again that afternoon.
About six o'clock Floy set the table, and placed upon it a plate of warm cakes, which might have pleased the palate of an epicare. It was the beas meal the miser had tasted for years, and he could

and the second process of the sable, and placed upon it a plaste of an epicare. It was the best meal the miser had tasted for years, and he could not help confessing it to himself. Floy was gratified at the appetite with which he ate.

Thus matters went on. The presence of the little girl second to restore Marin to a part of his former self. He was no longer so grasping, so miserly as before. Through little Floy's ministry, he began to have more of a relish for the comforts of life, and less to grudge the expense necessary to obtain them.

It was not many weeks before he fell sick, in consequence of improdent exposure to the rain. A fever set in, and he was confined to his bed. At the urgent solicitation of Floy, he consented to have a physician called, though not without something of reluctance at thought of the ferror and the second of the se

"10d are cold," said Martin, "our you will obt need to go far."

He led the way into a dry goods store.

"Hare you any warm shawls suitable for a title girl?" he inquired. He selected one, and aid for it. "Show me some dress patterns," he continued.

Two different ones were chosen. Martin paid

he continued.
Two different ones were chosen. Martin paid for them.
"Can you direct me," he inquired, "to any good dress-maker's '"
The clerk, who had at first been inclined to laugh at the old man, whose attire though warmer was no better looking than Floy's, but the promptness with which he had paid for his purchases, and the glimpse which had in this way been obtained of a well-dilled pocket-book, inspired him with a feeling of respect, and he readily complied with his request.
"Now," said Martin, cheerfully to Floy, "we will have you a little better dressed, so that you need not fear the cold."
"I am sure," said Floy, gratefully, "that I am much obliged to you, and I don't know how I can repay you."
"You have already," said the old man, with feeling, "I don't know how I should have got along without you when I was sick."
"Floy," said Martin, thoughtfully, as they came out from the dress-maker's, "although you have been with me for some time, I have never thought to ask you your name—I mean your other name besides Floy."
"My name is not Floy," said the child.
"They only call me so. My real name is Florence—Florence Eastman."
"Florence Eastman."
"Florence Eastman."
"Florence Eastman."
"Ho content of the site of the properties of the power of th

"My name is no Foy, said the chita." They only call me so. My real name is Florence—Florence Eastman." said the old man, starting back in uncontrollable agitation. "Who was your mother? Tell me quick."

"Her name," said the child, somewhat surprised, "was Florence Kendrick."

"Marin Kendrick."

"Marin Kendrick."

"And where is he T. Did you ever see him?"

"No," asid Floy, shaking her head. "He was angry with mother for marrying as she did, and would never see any of us."

"And your mother?" said Martin, striving to be calm. "Is she dead?"

"Yes," said Floy, sorrowfully. "First my father died, and we were left very poor. Then mother was obliged to work very hard sewing, and finally she took a fever and died, leaving me alone in the world. For a week I wandered about without a home, but at last you took me in. I don't know what would have become of me if you had not," said She, gratefully.

"Floy," said Martin, looking at her steadfastly, "do you know my name?"

"No," said Floy. "I have often wondered what it was, but never liked to ask you."

"Then," said he, in an sgitated tone, "you shall know now. I am Mattin Kendrick, your grandfulber!"

Floy was filled with anazement, but after a

Flox was filled with amazement, but after noment threw herself into his arms. "W Floy was filled with amazement, but after a moment threw herself into his arms: "Will you forgive mether?" she asket.
"I will—I have! But alas, she has much more to forgive me! Would that she were still alive!"
Every day Martin Kendrick became more alive to the dains of offering.

Every day Martin Kendrick became more alive to the claims of affection. His miserly haitis gave way, and he became more considerate in his deal-ings with his tenants. The old horse in which he had lived so many years was torn down, and he bought a neat cottage just out of the city where he and Floy live happily together. Floy, who has been sent to school, exhibits uncommon talent, and is fitting for the station she will soon assume as the heiress of her grandfather.

# SHE THE LEGG TLAG of our UNION. San State of the State of the sand

FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

as of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION are \$2.00 ariably in advance. The paper is always the expiration of the time paid for. See

\*.º All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be addressed to F. GLEASON, Boston, Mass., proprietor of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, post paid.

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXX NUMBERS.

"The Artist of Flowers," is also by Jakes De Mille.
"A Tale of a Crussler," by Grands E. Watte.
"A Tale of a Crussler," by Grands E. Watte.
"A Tale of a Crussler," by Grands E. Watte.
"The Old Man's Lesson," a tale by Activit G. Berdock.
"The Old Man's Lesson," a tale by Activit G. Berdock.
"The Old Man's Lesson," a tale by Activit G. Berdock.
"Nellie's Dream," poom by Mrs. Sanak E. Dawes.
"Fallen," verses by T. D. Williss.
"Fallen," verses by T. D. Williss.

"Longing for Country," "Memories of the Past," "A Lover Tested," "Dewdrops of Heaven," "The Lost Lov-ers," and "Poetry."

### AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.

AFRICAN SILAVE TRADE.

To pursuance of the duty assigned them, the Committee on Foreign Relations in the United States Senate, in compliance with a resolution of Mr. Shields to report on the propriety of abstraction of the Propriety of the Propring of the Propring of the Propring of the Congrains. While the Committee doubt the policy of stipulations of this kind with a foreign power, they do not think it necessary to discuss the adjuct, and, therefore, confine themselves to an examination of the question whether, admitting the propriety and expediency of the measure at the time of its adoption, with the imperfect or erroneous information then possessed, it may not be proper and expedient now to abroad the proper and the proper and expedient now to abroad the proper and the proper and expedient now to abroad the proper and expedient now to abroad the proper and the proper and expedient now to abroad the proper and the proper and the proper and expedient now to abroad the proper and the proper and

The total result of the operations of or The total result of the operations of our syndron during the twelve years has been the capture of fourteen vessels. The slave trade capture of fourteen vessels. The slave trade has been suppressed in Brazil; and it this hemisphere, the remaining colonies of Spain—Cuba and Lorio Rico are its only marts. If the Americans that gis to be employed in the suppression of this nefarious traflic, now prohibited by every Caristian nation, the committee is of opinion the abuse can be more efficiently corrected by the employment of our crusters in the vicinity of these West India Islands. After a thorough discussion of the subject, the committee recommend the adoption of the resolution abrogating the article of the treaty relating to the suppression of the African slave trade.

JAPANESE DELICACIES.—During Commodore Perry's late visit to Japan, himself and suite were entertained at a feast by the natives. Cooked worms, fried smakes, and a variety of indigestable compounds were served up, of which they were obliged to partake through eti-quette. Hereafter, a strong stomach may be considered as a high recommendation in our Japanese diplomatists.

A VALUABLE INSTITUTION.—Rev. John Mac-Lean, D. D., who was inaugurated President of Princeton College at its last commencement, in his address upon the occasion, in speaking of the institution, remarked that it has educated more than 600 clergymen, more than 200 judges, statesmen and Xational Congressmen.

A CHAIN OF SORROWS.—James Welch, 17 years of age, was drowned at Boston, on Sunday week. His father was killed on the railroad ten months since, and his widowed mother lies at the point of death.

at the point of death.

A BRISK BUSINESS.—There are 619 convicts in the Ohio Penitentiary, the largest number ever confined in the institution, "and the cry is still their come."

FROM THE FISHING GROUNDS.—The latest accounts from Newfoundland represent that the catch of fish is likely to prove vary meagre.

Boston Harrion.—There are twenty-four different islands in Boston harbor.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

Sheridan Knowles tells the following strange story of circumstantial evidence in the course of his recent lectures:—"Some years ago, I went especially to Clonmel assizes, Ireland, and accidentally winesed a trial which I shall never forget. A wretched man, a native of that county, was charged with the murder of his neighbor. It seemed that an ancient feud existed between them. They had met at a fair and exchanged blows; again that evening, they met at a low pot-house, and the bodily interference of friends alone prevented a fight between them. They prisoner was heard to vow vengeance against his rival. The wretched vicini left the house, followed soon after by the prisoner, and was found on the roadside, mardered, and his face so barbarusity beater in by a stone, that he could only be identified by his dress. The facts were strong against the prisoner; in fact it was the strongest case of circumstantial evidence I ever met with. As a matter of form—of his disc were strong against the prisoner; in fact it was the strongest case of circumstantial evidence I ever met with. As a matter of form—of his guilt there was no doubt—they the prisoner was called on for his defence. He called—to the surprise of all—the murdered man. And the murdered man and been murdered, that the identification by dress is vague, for all the peasantry of Tipperary wear the same description of clothes, that the presumed victim had got a hint that he the would be arrested under the White Boy act, had field, and only returned with a noble Irish feeling of justice, when he found that his ancient for was in jeopardy on his account. The judge of justice, when he found that his ancient ("guilty P tevry one was astonished. ("Good God' said the judge, 'of what is he guilty "(guilty P tevry one was astonished. ("Good God' said the judge, 'of what is he guilty "(guilty P tevry one was astonished. ("Good God' said the judge, 'of what is he guilty "(suilty P tevry one was astonished. ("Good God' said the judge, 'of what is he g

man, he stole my mare trace years ago.

A GOOD INSTITUTION.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Courier says that there has been in operation in Paris, for three years past, an institution called the Coinse da Retruites, the object of which is to ensure the working classes, from their own earnings, a provision for their old age. The smallest sum that can be deposited it five frances, and the highest pension that can be paid is six handred frances a year. The deposition of the money may, at their option, stipulate for the reimbursement of a part of their deposits at their death, to their friends, or may allow the whole amount to lnure to the benefit of the institution. Up to the Sits of December, ISS, or about two amount to hure to the benefit of the Instatutor.
Up to the 31st of December, 1853, or about two
years and a half after the society was instituted
sixty-seven thousand deposits had been made
amounting in all to about forty million francs.

Madame Soutag.—From her arrival in this country up to the close of her Mexican engagement, she had cleared \$100,000, and had calculated that another season or two, with her new company, would have nearly doubled this amount. Her agent in Europe had concluded engagements for her return, which in forty nights would have brought her \$500,000 more. It is but a short time since she purchased a noble chateau and domain in Germany, with a portion of the proceeds of her American tour.

A CHINESE DUIL IN CALIFORNIA.—Imitating the practice of the law makers of California, two Chinese inhabitants of that State, who had a falling out, agreed to settle the affair by a duel. The weapons were bamboo sitcks, with which they wacked each other's heads until one of them cried out that he was "statisfied," that his wounded honor was healed. Probably the process was the same as that by which our doctors sometimes care an inward inflammation by producing an outward sore.

COAL FIELDS IN MISSISSIPFI.—The U. S. Mining Journal, speaking of the immense coal formations that cover large portions of Pennsylvania, Virginia, Maryland, Eastern Ohio, and other portions of the Union, quoteen a statement of the coal fields in the valley of the Mississippi, which are over 1500 miles in length, by 600 miles in breadth.

A Word In Season.—Be not cast down by trifies. If a spider breaks his web twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your mind to do a thing, and you will do it. If trouble comes upon you, keep up your spirits though the day should be dark.

MANUFACTURES OF MASSACHUSETTS amount of cotton, woolen and worsted good manufactured in Massachusetts is said to b \$40,000,000 per annum. The entire value of home manufactured goods distributed from Bos ton, cannot be less than \$50,000,000 annually.

ANNEXATION.—Monday, the 2d day of October next, has been assigned by the authorities of Charlestown, as the day for the citizens of that city to vote upon the question of annexing that city to Boston.

city to Boston.

Well Answered,—To one who said, do not believe there is an honest man in world," another replied, "It is impossible to one man should know all the world, but que possible that one should know himself."

MAIL ROBBER SENTENCED —Josiah Emeter postmaster at New Vineyard, Me., has be late postmaster at New Vineyard, Me., has been sentenced to ten years' imprisonment for purloining a letter containing one hundred and fifty

EPICUREAN.—Our biggest strawberries are mere peas to those of Chilian growth, mention-ed in a late California paper—one of which measured 4 1-2 inches in circumference.

New York Police.—A portion of the po-ce of New York have become disaffected on ecount of the uniform they are obliged to wear.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

Archbishop Rughes is again unable from sickness, to perform his pastoral duties.

A clipper ship of 1000 tons is being built at Key West, wholly of Florids wood.

Elections are to be held in twenty-five of the States within a period of about three months.

Misers mistake gold for their good, whereas it is only a meass of attaining it.

The number of convicts in the State Prison at Charlestown, on the 15th inst., was 490.

There were 2206 deaths in Boston, during the six months ending Jane 30, 1854.

The number of convices in the State Prison at Charlestown, on the 18th inst, was 490.

There were 2200 deaths in Boston, during the six months ending June 30, 1854.

We confess small faults in order to insinuate that we have no great ones.

A lion was recently caught in California, and sold for \$200.

There is a remarkable failure of the cherry crop throughout all this neighborhood.

Rev. Henry Wood, of New Hampshire, has been confirmed as consul to Beyrout.

In Hartford, two thousand tons of ice were melted by the burning of Phillips's ice-house.

The prohibitory liquor law in Ohio has been declared unconstitutional.

A patent has been obtained, in Taunton, for an improvement in coffias.

The population of Washington city is now estimated at \$5,000.

Trinity Church, New York, will be free to all, after September.

There are three hundred Roman Catholic numeries in the United States.

C. C. Johnson, convicted of murder at Harrisburgh, Pa., is to be hung August 24th.

The Albany Transcript asys it has recorded more than one murder a day for two months.

The meangers of the Washington Monument have issued an appeal to the nation for aid.

The Texas papers complain of the sad increase of crime in that part of the country.

Johic Bridges, an insane bachelor of 58 years, drowned himself in a brook at Tewkabury.

A few days ago, a bear weighing 350 lbs. was shot in Orford, N. H.

The farmers and others in the city of Norfolk, Va., are now doing a large business in potatoes.

## SOMETHING ABOUT TOADS

something a Harge business in potatoes.

SOMETHING ABOUT TOADS.

A very vulgar prejudice exists in relation to the character of this reptile. In some sections the toad is considered poisonous, and is avoided as eagerly as the snake, which is also ohnoxious to the same charge, and as far as some species are involved, not without reason. But the toad is innoxious, and, besides, he is an efficient evidence of the state o

AN INCIDENT.—The Davenport (Iowa) Gazette relates the following. "One day this week, we are informed, as the train from Chicago to this city was rushing along at a rapid rate, in the vicinity of Peru, Illinois, two small, white objects were descried on the track. The whistle was sounded and the train stopped just in time to refrain from running over them. The conductor alighted and found them to be babies, little twins, about a week old."

A SMALL SKIRMISH.—At Rio Janeiro, from the 2d to the 8th of April, there was a Russian prince, with his yacht in the harbor, and the English admiral of the station would not permit him to leave the port. On two or three occasions, when the yacht got under weigh, a Driinish steamer immediately got up her steam, and took up a position outside the harbor to prevent her getting out. The prince sold his yacht.

CAPE COD ASSOCIATION.—The second day of August, at Yarmouth Port, is definitely fixed as the time and place for the annual celestration of this popular association. The New England Guards, with the Boston Brass Band, are to do the escort data.

BOSTON AND PHILADBUPHA STEAMERS.
The new line of steamers which is about draw still closer the bonds of friendship and terest already uniting the two cities of Bost and Philadelphia, will speedily commence op-

TELEGRAPH TO THE PACIFIC.—The United States Senate has passed a bill making a grant of public lands in aid of a telegraph to the Pacific. The projected line is estimated to cost only \$2,000,000, or \$1000 a mile, for 2000 miles.

To CATCH MICE.—Place sweetmeats in your mouth on going to bed, and keep your mouth wide open. When you feel the whiskers of the mouse, bite!

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION

South "Apparent", is aboy by Mrs. Cardinia A.

\*\*South "Apparent", No. 4, by Rev. LOTHER
FARMICA.

\*\*Apparent and the Japanenes, "No. 4, by Rev. LOTHER
FARMICA.

\*\*Charling Relicities," a sketch by Palaces A. Duni
\*\*Charling Report by M. S. Horse

\*\*Charling Report by M. S. Horse

\*\*To the Down, "weeke by Joint M. Leeler.

\*\*Alone," stannas by Joint M. Leeler.

\*\*Alone," stannas by Joint M. Leeler.

\*\*Yo Memory," a poem by Alext Calar.

"To Memory," a poem by Alice vasas:

"LLUSTRATIONS.

We give this week a view of Harper's Ferry, a platoted for its wild and majestic scenery in Virginia.

noted for its wild and majestle scenery in Virginia. A arries of appraying representing renne in Palestine, giving first, a view of the entrance to the tombs of the kings pring first, a view of the entrance to the tombs of the kings of the virginia of the start of the kings of David; Bourth, a view of the right bank of the Dead Ser, fifth, the Stati Mountains; and sixth, the entrance in the wild mountain region, child Guad Kutsatish, and will be start of the start of t

an engawing of the High Bridge near Clinton, New Jersey.

A view of the port of Mananas, in Cube.

A representation of Firenburg, Skewick, in Demmark.

A picture of the city of Salam, Mass.

A view of the cabented Tower of London.

A picture of that well known event in ancient history, the bankimsner of Artistels from at A city of the lands of Artistels from at A. A view of the lands of British and A. A view of the lands of Canada and A. A view of the lands of Canada and Canada a

A delineation of an interesting piece of Scripture history, entitled, Joseph interpreting the dream of Pharaoh's chief baker.

° a° The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents per copy.

## Foreign Items.

There are half a million more females than males in Great Britain.

A rumor is again afloat, in the English papers, that the Czar will abdicate.

that the Care will abdicate.

A London brewer has been convicted of using quassis chips in making his beer, and fined £50. The Liverpool Journal says the large English steamship companies have been unable to make any dividends the present season. The year ending the fifth of April last there were \$220,159 gallons of spirits consumed in Ireland.

Ireland.

An order has just been published in Hungary, by which fixed residences will be assigned to the gipiesi, in order to make agriculturists of them. The Rassian Japan squadron has retired from the Chinese seas, and sought refuge on the coast of Kamschatka.

The King of Sardinia would be a liberal, if backed by any power that would enable him to control the state of the season of the se

nations of Europe.

Two months ago, prayers were ordered in early all parts of France for rain. The archi-sibstops of Bourges and Alby have just order-erayers to the effect that the rain may cease.

The British government has taken steps to re-elve the same advantages in the trade with span as have just been granted to the United

States.

The hippopotamus at the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, has become so furious that for its safe keeping a new building is considered necessary, and will be erected.

## Dewdrops of Wisdom.

He hath riches sufficient, who hath enough to charitable.—Sir T. Brown.

Let pleasure be ever so innocent, the excess is always criminal.—St. Evremond.

lways criminal. —S. Eversood.

Fame is as difficult to be preserved, as it was a first to be acquired —Spectato.

It is seldom the case, that beautiful persons reotherwise of great trince.—Becom.

The great are under as much difficulty to exend with pleasure, as the mean to labor with uccess.—Journ.

The great are under as much difficulty to expend with pleasure, as the mean to lador with success.—Young.

A man that is desirous to excel, should endeavor it in those things which are in themselves nost excellent.—Epictens.

Formune and futurity are not to be guessed at; and fame does not always stand upon desert and judgment.—Aural II. It is always to be understood, that a lady to be a gift to ber.—Flattine. From the manner in which me bear their conditions, we often pity the prosperous, and admire the unfortunate.—Spectuar.

There is no such flatterer as a man's own self; and there is no such flatterer as a man's own self; and there is no such flatterer as a man's own self; and there is no such flatterer as a man's own self; and there is no such flatterer as a man's own self; and there is no such it mentage against the flattery of a man's self, as one liberty of a friend.—Baccon.

The plainer the dress, with greater lustrate does beauty appear. Virtue is the greatest ornament, and good sease the best equipage.—Marquis of Heighter.

Felicity consists not in having the applause of

Felicity consists not in having the appliause of the people at one's entrance; for that is an advantage which all that enter nave. The difficulty is, to have the same appliause at one's exit.—

Bacon.

Bacon.

Knowledge will not be acquired without pains and application. It is troublesome and deep digging for pure waters; but when once you come to the spring, they rise up and meet you.

Fellon.

## Joker's Budget.

The bank where the wild thyme grows, has clared a dividend of ten scents on the share. If the Bible were a weekly journal, how many ommunications would it receive signed, "A contant reader?"

A thief being caught robbing a bank when sked what he was doing, answered, "Only

asked what he was doing, unswered, "Only taking notes."

The young lady who "fell in love," has just been pulled out by the daring fellow who "successfully struggled with the world."

What is the difference between the school-master and the engine driver? One trains the The elitor of the Cincinnis Commercial asys he never drinks brandy except when all the water is required for purposes of havigation.

A love-sick swain in describing a kies asys it is a draught that passes through the system like a bucket of water through a basket of tegars. "I would not be a turdle," prettily once review of the control of the cont

happiness, and made large, so they can great deal.

The famous William Penn had a se-relation, whom our punning ancestors c as a pen that had been "often cut, b mended."

mended."

Sydney Smith's definition of the Popish tual: Posture and imposture, flections and geflections, bowing to the right, curtseying to left, and an immense amount of man-milline

# Quill and Scissors.

orge Peabody, Esq., the An George Peacody, Losq., the American cancer. London, gave his annual white-hait dimen to a American friends, on Monday, the 26th ult., the Brunswick Hotel, Blackwall. His guests unhered about two hundred, among whom were the American Minister and suite, the Lord layer of London, and a number of the British instocracy, as well as the most distinguished uncricans now in London.

Americans now in London.

The damage caused by the blockade of the coasts of the Baitic and the Black seas, may be estimated pretty-meanly according to the ordinary rate of the experts and imports; thus, in 1854, 3800 freighted vessels entered the ports of the Baitic, and about the same number left those ports. The number of vessels that entered the Black Sea was 2600. Total, 1,500,000 tons.

Sontag's funeral, in the city of Mexico, was a remarkable one. The highest honors were paid to her, short of state ceremonies, and an im-mense foot procession followed her to the grave, accompanied by an equally long line of coaches.

The merchants and manufacturers of Louis-ville, Kentucky, are about getting up a pamphlet, which they intend circulating in Europe and the Northern States, in which will be set forth the inducements which that city offers to emigrants

A man, calling himself Wm. S. Archibald, from Boston, strangled himself with his hand-kerchief on Saturday week, at the Phenix Hotel, Albany. He had \$50 in a pures, and papers showing that he had been to California.

A revolution has taken place at Huhine, one of the Society Islands, and Arii Mate, a half breed, was seated on the throne in place of Arii Paia. We guess it don't make much difference which of them sits there.

of them sits there.

Elbridge G. Robinson, Esq., editor and publisher of the Norfolk Democrat, at Dedham, died on Tuesday week, at the age of forty-nine. His disease was rheumatism combined with erysipelas.

disease was rheumatism combined with crysipe-las. Its exems the grand jury of the Criminal Court at Clincinnal than found a tree bill of indictment against Peter Kroger, the Catholic priest, for the alleged attempt to commit a rape on the person of a young German girl.

It is said that large droves of deer are moving westward from the Canadas. Red deer are very plenty on Lake Superior, and reindeer are much more frequent than formerly. Beaver are also more frequent than formerly. Beaver are also considered that the said of the s

that she was a somnambulis.

A firm in Otsego county, New York, have patented a mode of woking the fibrous parts of swingle tow into paper, and it produces a firm and very white strice.

At the commencement of the American Revolution, the artillery of this country consisted of four pieces, two of which belonged to Massachusetts.

ort.

The residence of Col. Hart, at Jacksonville, lorida, was recently destroyed by fire, and one his daughters perished in the flames.

or his daughters perished in the flames.

Harvest is pretty generally over in Delaware,
and farmers complain of great injuries sustained
by the wheat from the rust.

Upwards of a hundred pampers have just been
shipped at Liverpool for Quebec. They receive
£1 each on their arrival.

Summer costumes are simple in Egypt. They consist of a straw hat, a small shirt collar, and a tooth-pick.

# Marriages.

By Her. Dr. Higdow, Mr. Antires was any Mr. Rechiston.
By Her. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Robert B. Glimore to Miss By Her. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Robert B. Glimore to Miss Algoli Hill.
By Her. Mr. Richards, Mr. Ass M. Durell to Miss Algoli Hill.
By Her. Dr. Stow. Mr. Waterman C. Blackwell to Miss Sabella Warray.
At Hoxbury, Mr. Peter A. Dunhar to Miss Kake De Emmeras.

as monutry, Mr. Peter A. Dunbar to Miss Katel be Missensen, by Ber, Mr. Eddy, Mr. Thomas H. Watte to Miss Juliu H. Clark.

At Chain leton, by Rev. A. K. Fackard, Rev. E. P. At Chain leton, by Rev. A. K. Fackard, Rev. E. P. At Chain bridge, by Rev. Dr. Stow, Mr. Henry F. Lane to Miss Sarin K. Hayward.

At Missensen, Mr. Thomas B. White to Miss Mary A. P. Smith.

Gilman.

At Newburyport, by Rev. D. P. Pike, Mr. Hugh Arthur
to Miss Sarah E. Quereau.

Af Grafton, Mr. Samuel P. Bliss to Miss Thankful A.

Griswold.

Mr. M. Silan A. Ruybank to Miss Julia I. Belknap.
At New York, William Barbour, Esq. to Miss Sophia.
Dillingham.

# Deaths.

In this city, Rev. Louis Dwight, 64; Miss Louisa Keefe, 16; Mrs. Margaret Rogers; Mr. Silas O. Swallow, 30; Mr. Charlet Clark, 67; Mr. Milhard Tirrell, 37; Miss M. F. K. Eddidg, 23; Mr. Henry K. Hancock, 65; Mr. Charles fal strom, a Swede; Mrs. Mary D., wife of Mr. James 4, Dolliver.

hes, 15 years.

Dorchester, Mrs. Ellen, wife of Mr. John Warren,
Mrs. Sarah Beck, 36.

(Julicy, Mrs. Betsey Watson, widow of the late Mr.
na Wston, 73.

Fitchburg, Mr. John Battles, 25.

Eligatious, Margaret F., daughter of Mr. Fran-

Bible Watson, 28.

In Highburg, Mr. John Battler, 29.

In Bightburg, Mr. John Battler, 29.

In Bightburg, Margaret F., daughter of Mr. FranLin Sewburg park, Mrs. Ferlyn F. Saunders, 22; Mrs.

Maris G. Alexander, 27. Mrs. Hannah Ise, 55.

Maris G. Alexander, 27. Mrs. Hannah Ise, 56.

In Plyangeth, Mr. Edits Ellis, 48.

In Plyangeth, Mr. Edits Ellis, 48.

In Holliston, Mrs. Anna W., wife of Alden Leland,

In Holliston, Mrs. Anna W., wife of Mr. Samuel D.

In Well-court, Mars. Astron. 41.
In New Bedford, Mr. Bethuel Baker, 65.
In Providence, R. I., Mrs. Asenath, wife of Mr. Marvin 61. Sast Greenwich, Mrs. Harriet, wife of Mr. James L.

rd, 29.
Saltimore, Mr. Edward Hinekly.
Evansville, Ind., Rev. Edwin Holt, formerly of touth, N. H.
tev Urleans, Cant. W.

[Written for The Fing of our Union.] LONG AGO.

BY T. D. WILKIN

times will memory ponder the days of old, gone by; within myself, I wonder the scenes that greet my eye. e believing that the treasures sich the past's dark heavens : indeed, sweet, living pleasur ned by me, long, long ago.

Where amid the verdant mesdows of youth's happy ways I played Catching sunshine—not the shad As along life's path I strayed. There were merry hours of gladne: O how swiftly would they go, All untinged by care or sadness, In the days of long ago.

Airy dreams of lands Elysian Floated o'er my raptured mind; O; that each sweet passing vision Now my longing heart could find That I now could cull the flowers Which alone in memory grow; And once more enjoy the hours That have fied in long ago.

## THE AUSTRALIAN FOOTMAN. A ROMANCE IN THE ANTIPODES.

BY JAMES DE MILLE.

## CHAPTER I.

SHOWING HOW LOW THE GOLD FEVER MAY REDUCE A MAN.

SHOWING HOW LOW THE GOLD PEVER MAY

REDUCE A MAN.

It was morning in Sydney harbor. The
wharves were crowled with shipping from all
parts of the world which were already filled with
workmen basily engaged in unloading the cargoes. The hum of the thousands in the city
spends the noble bay which forms one of the
fleghtning their daily work, rose into the air and
spread far over the country.

It was a beautiful scene. Before the city
speeds the noble bay which forms one of the
finest harbors in the world, all smooth and unruilled, for scarce a breath of wind disturbed the
air. Encircling the water rose the green shores,
here verdant and smiling with fertile meadows,
and there wooded and shaded by pleasant
groves or orchards. Ships lay around upon the
flag of many a nation, some slowly borne on
by the tide, with the wide spread sails flapping
idly against the mast, others swinging slowly
from their fast anchors. And queen of all this
peaceful scene—appeared the metropolis of Austruila, with its white houses, lofy spires, and
thronged wharves—thus she appeared—aiting
in the prime of youth, laying aside her maidenhood to wed the world.

Among a crowd of passengers who had just
landed from one of the newly arrived emigrast
in the prime of youth, laying aside her maidenhood to wed the world.

Among a crowd of passengers who had just
landed from one of the newly arrived emigrast
ships, two youths might be seen, whose appearance denoted a station in life much above that
of their fellow voyagers. One was a tall man,
with a noble figure, in which strength and beauty were finely blended, and a countenancy
were finely blended, and to countenancy
were finely blended,

ing out?"
"What—that it is hard to live here nowthat the emigrants suffer—that the diggings a "What—that it is hard to live here now— at the emigrants suffer—that the diggings are cowded ! Why, I believe it."
"Well, what will you do?"
"Til look out for a situation."
"Pray, how much money have you?"
"Just half a crown, my dear friend," said felville, laughingly tossing two silver piecess to the air.

"Halfa crown! Whey! Why, I have five pounds, and expect to starre on that."
"My dear boy. A man who has his wits about him need never starre in this world."
"Well, I do not see what we can do in Sydney. I though the diggings were not more than twenty miles from here, and I find they are more than a handred miles from Melbourne, which is, goodness knows, how many miles from this place."

this place."
"Well, Marden, take my advice and be

"Well, Marden, take my advice and be philosophical."

"Be philosophical! It was very well to be so at Oxford, when a fellow lost a few pounds or owed a debt to some tradeama, but it's no go when a fellow is ever so many thousand miles from home, and only in the possession of enough to keep him from starving."

"Do you know how much the immaculate Johnson, who came home so rich, had when he landed at Melbourne?"

"No."

"No."
"Just sixpence halfpenny."
"Just sixpence halfpenny."
"The dickens! Now I tell you I'll put off for Mellourne. That's the land, my hearty!"
"Nonsense—you wont do any such thing."
"Yes, I must. I can't do anything here. I want to get to the diggings."
"Pooh, Marden. Don't be cast down. I don't care, though. I am worse off than you."
"You can't leave here, unless you become a boodbank or a servant."

bootblack or a servant."
"By the lord Harry then, I would be a

Certainly. Why not? The truly great man he who will not let anything cast him down. a short, if the proud Dame Fortane tries to nock him down she can't come it. That's the octrine, my boy."
"Well, my mind is made up. I will go to felbourne."

Melbourne."

"What—go to Melbourne.! O nonsense!"

"I will, certainly. What will you do here!
Come with me to Melbourne. We can find a situation there."

"No, not more easily than here. In fact I believe that it is much more crowded."

"Hang it, I wish I had atayed at home."

"But since you are out here, put it through, Marden."

Marden."

"Ah, well," said he, with a sigh. "I suppo.
I'll have to,—and I must be off this mornin
for Melbourne. The sooner the better, for
have little money left. We must part, of
fellow. I don't see what you can do her
though !"

though ""

"I can earn a living. I have no friends to be
ashamed of me here in the antipodes. I suppose yonder is the vessel for Melbourne," said
he, pointing to one at the next wharf, on which
was a notice to that effect.

he, pointing to one at the next wharf, on which was a notice to that effect.

"Yes, that is the one."

"Well, I will help to carry your baggage there. Mine will remain here. I am sorry we must separate, but since we seek our fortunes, let us do what we think best. Come on."

And the two youths bearing Marden's trunk, walked over to the Melbourne packet, which was soon to start. Many others appeared upon the wharves who were about to leave Sydney. Some were pale and sickly looking, others appeared lifte desperadoes; others had a faint gleam of hope on their countenances, but ah, very faint.

"Look at those who have starved here, Mel-"Look at those who have starved here, Mel-"

int.

"Look at those who have starved here, Melille. Can you stay 1 No, come. Let me go
ack and help you here with your trunk."

"No, no, I will remain."

"But, old fellow, do let me divide this money
idea.

"No, no, I will remain."

"But, old fellow, do let me divide this money with you."

"Thank you, Marden, you are a generous fellow—too generous. But I would not think of it. I have no fear but that I can live."

An hour after Melville stood watching the packet, as with all sails set, she left the wharf, and sailed slowly out of the harbor. The wind springing up carried them away, and Melville, as the vessel lessened in the distance, bade good-by to the 'last of those friends which reminded him of home.

"Now courage i" he murmured to himself—"just let us sit down and form some plans."

He wakled over to his trunk, and hat for a while. Strange situation for a well born and well-educated gentleman 1 To be on a foreign shore, with but half a crown in money, and a few clothes in a small trunk as his wordily goods. After a while he opened the trunk, and taking out a piece of cake, made his morning meal.

"And now for business," said he, shouldering

"And now for usances," his trunk.

He walked off with it to a small boarding-house near by, where he opened it and took out all his good clothes. These he carried to a pawnbroker's who gave him twelve pounds for

'Hurrah!" he cried, " twelve pounds! That

I think will help me along for awhile."

He then bought a suit of rough clothes, and going to his lodgings, put them on, after which he went back and sold his last suit of good clothes for three pounds more.

he went back and sold his last suit of good clothes for three pounds more.

"Fifteen pounds I have now. Good—again! I will have my watch yet to sell if anything hapens. But nonsense, with fifteen pounds I can make a fortune. I may as well prepare now for prosperity at the antipotes."

On the following morning there appeared among the strange crowds of people who throng the Australian capital, a man of most striking appearance. His air was high brod, but his clothes were coarse, and he walked up and down with a large barrow filled with confectionary. He looked around upon all the people with a smile of unntrenable complacency, as though he were perfectly content with himself and the whole world.

It was Melville!

It was Melville!

"Ha, ha, ha!" he chuckled to himself. "I
think I see myself starving. By Jore, wouldn't
Aldhorough laugh if he were to see me here?
And my eldest brother, the baronet—the head of
the family—hem—shouldn't I like him to see
me now! Ha, ha!"

"Confectionary, confectionary," he cried,

the family—hem—shouldn't I like him to see me now! Ha, ha!"

"Confectionary, confectionary," he cried, bursting into a louder tone of voice, which rang forth clear and deep-toned as bell. "Confectionary!" and then he added with grotesque modulations of his voice, "Confectenarry!"

"By Jove, how this reminds me of the little fellow in London. I'll go the complete candy-seller. I might as well."

"Ladies and gentlemen! Here's your fine candy, lozenges, apples, oranges, cakes and tarts! Hesser's your chance!"

He displayed the most imperturbable calmness, walked up to ledies in the streets with the utmost nonchalance, to sell his things, and they, pleased with his uncommonly handsome face and fascinating manner, invariably bought.

"The ladies! Bless their kind little hearts!" said he, gazing after the last two whom he met. "And that little one—what eyes! what a smile! Who can alse be, and where does she live's libe looked so bewitchingly at me! I'll follow, and see where she lives."

Melville slowly walked after them, keeping at a proper distance. When they stopped at a house or shop, he also stopped at another, till her west on again. Our hero saw the vonner.

at a proper distance. When they stopped at a house or shop, he also stopped at another, till they went on again. Our hero saw the younge occasionally glaneing back toward him, and almost fancied that she encouraged him.

"What a lovely creature!" he muttered to himself. "Ah, there is her house, now. By Jove I have it!"

He marked it carefully, and any the name were the name wer

I have it!"

He marked it carefully, and passing by saw
the name upon the door-plate. Henry Inglis.

"A finely sounding name. I heard her friend
call her Emily—Emily Inglis. Ah, how dear
is the name! If I were but rich, now. But I

can adore her image till I become so. Yet what hope is there in this contemptible business? Bah! never mind. I'll stick to it till something turns up."

On the following morning, Melville dressed as before, with his barrow of confectionary, went

as before, with his barrow of confectionary, went along Summer street where Mr. Inglis resided. It was a large stone house, four stories high, and one of the best in Sydney. He rang at the door and after a time Emily herself came. She started, and a half smile came across her beautiful face. Melville himself for the first time in his life, felt embarrassed—but he spoke up, and in the tone of a courtier, said: "Fair madden—can a poor confectioner offer you anything this morning."

"What have you!" said she, with a sweet smile.

smile.

He brought in his trays and the beautiful girl bent down over them, while her long, dark tresses hid her face from view. Melville's heart beat with delight.

"You will find there as good candy as any in the city," he said at length, in a business

a the city," he sant at tength, in a ousnessing.

She selected a large quantity.

'O thank you, thank you, that lady, for your tindness to a poor man like me."

'You are a stranger here, are you not ?"

'Yes, I arrived only yesterday morning."

"Yes, and another friend came with me, but te is off to Melbourne."

"And will you not go?"

"And will you not go?"

"I decided to stay here when he left, and now could not—would not leave this place for the world."

orld."
"You are prospering, then?" said she, with
mbarrassment, for Melville's dark eyes rested meaningly upon her.
"Yes, and happy. I have my little
"Emmie," said a voice at the h

tairs.
"Yes, pa, I am coming. Please bring some ore to-morrow, good man," added she, in a ouder voice, "and if you hear of a footman how ants a place, send him here."
"Thank you, miss," said he, in the tone of a awker, again, "I will do so. I am very much bliged, miss, for your custom, miss, and I hope will be continued, if I can do anything to lease your miss."

IIE "RTOOIS TO CONQUER."

"Emily," said Mr. Inglis to his daughter,
"what a strange servant is this new one of ours.
He is one of the handsomest and boldest follows
in the world—looks as much like a gentleman
as I do, and yet he is a servant. I declare I feel
quite a reluctance to order him about. And
when I ride out, it is awkward to have such a
noble looking fellow as my servant, riding behind my carriage. He is an energetic fellow,
I saw him selling confectionary before he came
here. Did not you say he sold some to you?"

"Yes," said Emily, faintly.
"And yet he is not impudent, but is perfectly
obedient. I cannot make him out, however.
He performs everything smilingly, as though it
were an excellent joke. I wonder who he
can be?"

He performs everything smilingly, as though it were an excellent joke. I wonder who he can be it?

"He is an Englishman."

"Certainly, and he is well-educated. I know so. It is amusing to see how popular he is with the servants. Ha, ha, he has got them all to admire and try to imitate him. You should have heard a lecture which he delivered last night to them. I stood out in the yard, and attracted by some noise, looked in. There our new servant was, with a short pipe in his mouth, and a mug of ale beside him. The others called out for a speech. Upon which he rose from the chair and got upon the table, and spoke to them."

"What did he say it"

"O I cannot tell you half of it. He made the written and most brilliant speech I ever heard. It was interspersed with laughable anecdotes and poetical quotations flowed in throngs from him. The happiest hits and the most lively sallies, on, I was totally overcome! He kept them in continual roars of laughter, and I could scarcely contain myself. But now I must attend to some business. Emily, where is my desk!"

"In the dining-room," said she, ringing the bell.

Mel ville came to ober the summons.

ell.

Melville came to obey the summons.

"Henry," said Mr. Inglis, somewhatawkwardy, "O, you may a—will it be convenient? a—

—my writing desk—hem?"

"Certainly, sir, a moment, sir—" and Melille disappeared.

ville disappeared.

In a short time he laid the desk before Mr.
Inglis, and stood in a corner of the room waiting

ingus, and stoods in a corner of the room waiting any further orders.

"Emily, I am in an awkward situation. The are some French merchants in Melbourne whom I have to write, and I have forgotten in French. Could you write a letter in the language 3".

language?"
"Not grammatically, I foar."
"I beg your pardon, sir," said Melville, coming forward. "If you are willing, sir, I will write it."
"Do you know French?" said Mr. Inglis, in

surprise.

"As well as English, sir,"

A chair was given him, and he wrote at his master's dictainto. After it was over, Mr. Inglis thanked him, and said:

"I wish there was another here who could relieve no in a similar way. I have to write a Spanish letter to a Spanish house in that reader-ross of all nations, and I don't know a single

"I know it perfectly, sir," said Melville, very

meekly.

"You!—Spanish! Why, sir—why I mear
you are a prodigy! Can you write anotheletter?"

letter †"

"I should be delighted to do it."

And Melville wrote another, after which he carried the two to the post-office.
"There now! What can I make of a man like that? He knows far more than I do, and

acts as though he had been accustomed to the best society. How on earth came he to be a

Emily's heart beat—she knew why, but she id nothing.

said nothing.

Several weeks passed away, and it was a lovely evening. The sun was fast descending behind the western hills, and a cool breeze from
the ocean blow refeabingly upon the city. Many carriages rolled along the roads which led
into the country. Men of all classes promenaded
the streets after the toils of the day, and nearly

into the country. Men of all classes promeanded the streets after the toils of the day, and nearly all labor had ceased.

Emily and her father rode along one of the avenues which lie without the city. It was a quiet place, for few people were there. Around lay green fields, orchards and groves, pastures where cattle grazed, and was fields filled with flocks of sheep. Melville rode behind at a little distance, gazing upon Emily as though his whole soul were wrapt up in her.]

"What will not a man do for lowe? Here am I a servant for Emily's sake. Beautiful girl. I would do a thousand times as much to gain some of those tender glances which she at times bestows upon me."

"Emily," said her father, "Is not your horse restive? He starts. I fear he will be troublesome."

horns reative † He starts. I fear he will be troublesome."

"O no, father, it is only his spirit."
Melville gused anxiously at the horse, which occasionally started, rearing a little and swinging his head in a vicious manner.

"Take care! O heavens!" suddenly cried Mr. Inglis, as Emily's horse started at the sight of a blasted tree. He snatched at the reims. The horse, disturbed by this unexpected attack, reared up and pranced furiously.

"Father! O save me!" cried the terrified girl. Her father sprang once more at the reims—the horse darted forward, and then with a wild neigh, stretched out his head, and away he went, away, away, with the speed of the wind!

"O God!" O heaven!" cried the father, in agony.

away, with the speed of the wind!

"O God! O heaven" or ried the father, in agony.

For a moment Melville paused—for an instant—and then lashing his horse he rushed on fariously in pursuis of the frightened steed of femily. On they went, the pursuing and the pursued. People who were in the road, seeing the firece beast, shrank away. Emily, pale as marble, still kept her seat, eligning to her horse, but every moment expecting death. She heard the voice of one pursuing, and her heart told her who I was.

Away they earl, and nothing was gained on either side. Melville shuddered, and beat his horse to increase his speed—a little was gained, but not enough to admit of hope. On they went. At length the road took a long winding around a spot where the ground made a descent, and ended in a deep gully. Emily's horse followed the road and speed on in his headlong course.

Melville suddenly paused, and looked at the gully. The ground descended gently, the gully was about twelve feet wide, but its perpendicular sides descended to an unseen depth—stones and rocks were strewed around on both sides.

Melville shut his mouth tightly, and lashed his horse. With one spring he cleared the stone wall of the field, and then dashed fairously over the stony ground. It was a fearful sight. Emily saw it as she clung closely to her horse, and the yawning gulf and the fearful deed of Melville took away all thought of herself. She screamed in agony!

But on went the brave horse—on to the dee

the yawning gulf and the fearfal deed of Melville took away all thought of herself. She screamed in agony!

But on went the brave horse—on to the deep gully. He prepared—Melville lashed him. One spring—one bound—and the deep chasm was cleared, and away he went—the brave youth, up the other side. Another bound and he was over into the road, just as the horse of Emily, all foaming and perspiring, came up. He rushed before the horse, and with a ginat grasp seized the bridle and stopped his furious career. The just have been such as the side of the best of the bridle and stopped his furious career. The just have been so that the bridle and stopped his furious career. The just have been so that the bridle and stopped his furious career. The bridle and stopped his form the bridle distinct the bridle distinct the sum of the bridle his soul.

"O thank you, my brave preserrer!"

"I am recompensed beyond all that I can hope, in seeing you safe."

"Where is my father!"

"He is coming. There he is! He will be here in a few moments."

"You did a terrible thing," she said, as she thought shudderingly of the gully.

"Did you see me!"

"It was an awful thing to see. I shuddered."

"Did you see me?"
"It was an awful thing to see. I shuddered."
"O then, happy am I if I can gain the smallst share of sympathy—the smallest thought

est share or sympathy—the smallest thou from you."

"You risked your life, too,"—she did finish, but looked at him, and their eyes n Hers fell down.

She raised her eyes and again they met his. What the impassioned youth might have said, we cannot tell, but he was prevented from speaking by Mr. Inglis, who at this moment came up. He leaped from his horse.

"Emily, my child, are you saved!" he cried, reashing towards her, and folding her in his sarms.

"Yes, I am alive, dear father, and there is my

"Noble, brave youth. May the richest bles-sings of Heaven descend on you. You have saved my child from death. I saw you risk your own at that terrible chasm. O that I could fittingly reward you!"

There was one reward which he could gire.

# CHAPTER III.

FORTUNE FAVORS THE BRAVE

Mr. Inglis again sat in his parlor, and Emily was near. There was a thoughtful expression upon his face. Occasionally she glanced at her father, to see what he was doing, or perchance

to endeavor to discover what thoughts were in his mind. "Emily," said he, at length. "Father."

"Emily," said he, at length.
"Father."
"I know not how to reward Henry. What
Early I have not how to reward Henry. What
Lan I do? I am in want of a head clerk. I
wonder if he understands business. I will ask
him." And he rang the bell.
Mcleville appeared.
"Good morning," said Mr. Inglis, grasping
his hand. "I can have you as a servant no
longer. Permit me to esteem you as a friend,
for surely you are my equal, and you have laid
me under unspeakable obligations to you. Do
you know anything of husiness?"
"Any kind—shipping business."
"Any kind—shipping business."
"Yes sir, throughly. I have been in situations where I learned it."
"Take off this servile dress. Live in my
house as my friend, and if you wish, I will take
you as my head clerk."
"Your clerk, Mr. Inglis! How—how can I
thank you!"
"Think not of thanks. That is my business.
Come with me and I will show you what is to
be done."

And the two departed. Melville first w urchase more appropriate clothing, and then ent to Mr. Inglis's office.

purchase more appropriate clothing, and then went to Mr. Inglis's office.

A year passed away. Melville had been prosperous beyond all his hopes. Immense profits could then be obtained from chartering ships and from exporting wool. Materials of food and clothing for the gold regions at Melbourne, could also be sold at enormous profits. Mr. Inglis had kindly advanced him money to commence independent speculations. This he had so well used, that at the end of the year the original amount had increased ten fold.

"Ten thousand pounds! In one year too! And at the same time punctually fulfilling every duty as clerk. Mr. Melville, you are the nergy you will soon be among the wealthiest in the country. You have now a fortune of your own. I have long wanted a partner in my business, for I am growing old. You can enter without feeling any great inferiority. Will you so and I ever repay you? To be in partnership with you, is such a grateful thing to me that I can never thank you enough."

"Othere is no need of thanks. I am happy to do this. One like you, I may asy without faltery, can very rarely be found. But how very strange is the fate which three you in yway! What wonderful circumstances! A servant in my family! A gentleman like you be a servant! What led (circumstances! A servant in my family! A gentleman like you to be a servant! What led (circumstances! A servant in the passent way."

"It has turned out my blessing," said Melville. In the evening, Melville, the new made partner sat alone with Emily in the parlor. It was

"It has turned out my blessing," saud Mervine.
In the evening, Melville, the new made partner sat alone with Emily in the parlor. It was dark, and the heavy curtains which hung before the window increased the gloom. The moon's rays entered and fell softly upon the floor.

"What a strange life yours has been," said Pomite.

Emily. "Yes. Do you remember when you saw

"Its work and a laways shall remember it—the young confectioner with his box of candy."
"I will bless that box of candy forever."
"I have often wondered why you became a servant."

servant."
"Ah, why should you wonder? Emily, can
you not guess? Would any light cause make
me do it?"
She was silent.
"Blessed be the day when I became a menial.
I saved you from death through that. O, do
you ask what made me? A light had beamed
across my path. I had seen you, Emily."

you ask what make not ? A night man ocanicaress my path. I had seen you, Emily."
Still no reply.
"I would have done anything. To see you daily—to be near you—to hear your voice. On it was joy to me such as I cannot describe. And I thought at times that you looked kindly and I thought at times that you looked kindly and—that you a—yes, Emily, that you even cared something for me. Did you not Emily? Did you not?"
A low reply sounded gently in his cars:
"Yes, Henry."
"Emily, my own Emily. Would you call it presumption in me if I told you that I loved you? You know it a liready; you must know it. Can I hope, dearest Emily?"
A low reply again came, which sent a thrill of rapture to the heart of Melville. He wound his arms lovingly around the happy Emily, and—

and—
"Halloo, what are you two people doing over there in the corner?" and the voice of Mr. In-glis, half suffocated with laughter. "Fine doing-dem. Speak up, sir. What is this?"
Melville with his arm around the waist of Emily, and her hand in his, walked up to Mr.

"I have been seeking another partner, sir."

"Ho, ho—you have, have you have, have you have, have you with "Yes sir, and I thought—"

"You thought, did you, sir, and pray, sir, what business had you to think? Were you not sure of it—sure of her, you young dog, and of me also? I love you, my brave young friend, and I felt an affection for you when you first came here. Take her and be my son. You saved her life and she is yours. But be silent, now—none of your thanks. I tell you I wont put up with them."

ut up with them."

The happy party sat down. Melville by the side of Emily, and Mr. Inglis opposite them, viewing them with the utmost delight.

"But Henry, tell us something of your former life. Whose son are you?"

"I was going to say, 'the son of my father,' but that not being sufficiently definite, I will tell you my father's name. I am the younger son of Sir Edmund Melville, Melville Hall, Warwickshire, Engitand."

"The—ahen"? cried Mr. Inglis. "A baronet's son! Whew, and you were my servant?"

6

"I entered at Eton, nobody cared for me at home. I went through Oxford, took first honor in the university, then went home, but being only a cipher—alias a younger son, they treated me coldly. My father adviced me to join the army. I told him I would see the army shot first. My mind was made up to come here. Two hundred guineds constituted all my fortune. All these I spent either before or during the passage out. When I landed here I only had a

half crown!"

"Good heavens, only half a crown!"

"Good heavens, only half a crown!"

"All that I had in the world, except my clothes.
I sold them and commenced the business of confectioner. You know the rest."

"Why did you decide to be a servant? Ah, I know now. You look down at that little with of a git who is almost crying with joy, "I'm not, ps. What nonsense"

"Crying with joy, and she looks knowingly at you. Ah, ha I You have been rehearing the play of 'She stoops to conquer,' only it was the gentleman in this case. But now all your troubles are over."

les are over."
"All over. I am happy."
And his large, dark eyes gleamed with the y which dwelt within him.
"Will three weeks be too soon, Emmie dear-st" said he, in a mysterious whisper.
"Nossense, Henry," and there came a smothed "don't," for Mr. Inglis had left them alone will the three. Bitts time.

cred outs by the control of the cont

"Home? how is that? Have you made you

"Home? how is that? Have you makes you. Fortune?"

"No. I'm as poor as a rat. Only earned enough to take me back. Hang the gold country! But I declare, you look as if you had made your fortune."

"I have. But tell me, would you go home if you could get a good situation here?"

"No, indeed."

"Then stay. But first come to a hotel and 'renovate.' If you want money, I can lend."

"Hurrah! I don't want money, Since I am sure of a situation, I will lay aside the ragramuffin character, and be once more a generating the state of the state

"And in two weeks hold yourself in readiness

"My-well, my wedding."

CUT LOOSE AGAIN, MISTER.

A friend of ours, who is a most accomplished salesman, and who is kept very busy in one of the up-town dry goods bouses, was complimented, not long since, in manner and form as follows, to with a countryman; in the store, and was He had a countryman; in the store, and was He had a countryman in the store, and was the stores goods, not with any graph of the stores goods, not with any or friend averace, and bedsides, it is necessary—so our friend averace to keep constantly in practice. So he dashed ahead in the system of the store of

which was the most flattered, the taste of the admiring rastic, or the quality of the magnificent mouseding. As the complete separate the complementary allusions to infaself, and unconcealed astonishment at the development of the complementary allusions to infaself, and unconcealed astonishment at the development of the complementary and the product of the control of the control

# THE OLD SWAMP MISER.

THE OLD SWAMP MISER.

There is now living in the swamp of the Little. Pedee river, South Carolina, an old man of the most singular character. He never owned but the most singular character. He never owned but he most singular character. He never owned but he most singular character. He never owned but he most singular character where so hot he never wore them but once. He decided the second singular character and singular character and

cat powers cannot be exerted but when emergencies make them necessary. Great necess can happen but seldom, and there-hose qualities which have a claim for the ration of manlind, lie hid for the most part, subterranean treasures, over which the foot possess on common ground, till necessity to spen the golden cavern.—Buleer.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

LINES
TO THE MEMORY OF MADAME H. SONTAG

HAMILTON IRVING'S SEARCH

## FOR A WIFE-AND WHAT CAME OF IT

F. Hamitron Invirso, Esq., had just returned to his native city of New York, after a three years absence on the continent. Twenty-dive years of age, handsome, with, wealthy, and an accomplished scholar, it is no wonder he found himself an object of great interest to matrons with large families, and interesting young ladies. But Theodore Irving, Esq., father to our hero, had set his heart upon his son's marrying Miss Louise Howard, a reigning belle, and what was much better in the elder gentleman's eyes, a great heirers, and notwithstanding the polite and carnest manner in which he stated his hopes and plans to his son, the latter at once refused to comply with anything of the sort.

"What is your objection?" inquired the father; "do you dislike the appearance of Miss Howard?"

"Really, sir, I can't inform you on that point, as I have never seen her."

"Then it is unjust to condemn her, but I assure you as he is the belle of the season."

"There, that's enough to condemn her. I would rather marry a housemaid, than a reigning beauty. They are always heartiess filtrs, have been engaged to a dozen different persons, etc., etc. Besides, I am not so tired of my individuality yet, as to sink into the husband of the lady who was the reigning belle last season! I think the distinction and notice should be on the gentleman's account."

"Pooh! Altogether too nonsensical—the son of a millionaire will excite remark enough to preserve him from being a nobody, and if you must be equal in all things, siat you the reigning bean of the season?" said the old gentleman, with a laugh. "Come, wait till you see her before you pass judgment—remember, a beauty, and heiress, two such attractions united, are not found every day."

"My mind is made up, sir. I will not marry a belle and an heirers, though she were a Venus in beauty, and an angel in disposition; one is enough, but to but together, is more than I can stand."

"By Japiter!" exclaimed the elder gentleman, who was standing by the window, "talk of a person and they!" conclude th

without delay for the country.
"Why, where are you going?" asked his moth-

sponse.
"How long shall you be gone?" inquired his

sister. "Can wong search years as week, perhaps three months."
"How do you suppose we shall know where to address you?" said his mother.
"O I shall write of course, when I'm settled, so there's a post-office anywhere within twenty miles."
"Now Hamilton," said his sister.
"What do you meen?" inquired his mother. Irring senior meetly raised his eyelvrows with a comical expression, took a sip of coffee, and resumed his paper.
In spile of persuasions to the contrary, this

resumed his paper.

In spite of persuasions to the contrary, this second Coelebs packed up, took his passage and depasted. After eight weeks journeying and so-journing in different places in parsuit of a wife, Hamilton Irving began to find the undertaking more difficult than he had anticipated. To his astonishment, in the face of all sentimental novels, the little country girls were tamed, and undertaking the contract of the country of t

derstood more about making butter and cheese, than playing on the guisar or speaking Italian, for it must be kept in mind our hero carefully avoided all towns and places where the "march of improvement" had begun, and he was almost inclined to give up the search after what might be an impossibility, when one day he lighted upon a most romantic little village in the northern part of Vermont. The beauty of the place, rather than any hopes of fluding the object he sought, induced Irring to stop there for a few days at least. Throughout his tour he had assumed a name, which, though his own, he was rurely recognized by—it consisted of his first and second name—Frederic Hamilton, and such he wrose it in the book at the little unperfirst and second name—Frederic Hamilton, and such he wrote it in the book at the little unpre-tending hotel.

some among pote and air. It was the village school instress in "I've found the rara arist. But how shall I make her acquaintance? I'll first discover where this jewel lives, and then form my plans — and he gused into the room again. At length he succeeded in to tasting himself wawy and returning to the hotel. On his way there he met a little urchin, and preferring to sak the boy rather than the handlord concerning the matter, inquired if he could tell him who kept the village school.

school.

"Miss Wentworth," replied the berry-stained child, digging the sandy path with his soes, and carrying the last letter of the first word over to the second one.

"Where does she live?" continued the questions.

ware does she live?" continued the questioner.

"To Squire Hiddreth's."

"I guess so. You see the tavern, don't ye?

"I guess so. You see the tavern, don't ye?

"I guess so. You see the tavern, don't ye?

Wal, you go by that till ye come to a little red house, and ye see that great big one up there on the hill, don't ye? 'Re keep right straight on till ye come to that air yallow one, and that's Square Hiddreth's."

Thanking his informant, Hamilton proceeded to the hotel, and after dressing himself with unusual care, inquired of the hadlord whether Mr.

Hiddreth owned a library.

"I b'lieve so,' replied the host, "at any rate you needn't be afraid to go and inquire."

Accordingly, taking the faish which had been carefully desneed, Hamilton set out for the Squire'n. As he approached the house, he was pleased with its quantit, rural aspect; it had a large portice at the back entrance which was in the ell, and facing the road, and old trees shaded it from the heat. The young gentleman glanced covertly at all the windows, but the one object was not at any of them, and seeing the owner of the house coming up the path, Hamilton made a bow, and observing that he had understood Squire Hildreth owned a fine collection of books, begged leave to examine them, adding, "I presume you are that gentleman?"

"Why yes, I rather guess I he," returned the farmer, with a good-natured smile. "I don't know much about the books, my son is the one who selected them, and it's all his notion about a library, as he calls it—but come in, come in, and we'll see about it."

So saying the worthy squire led the way into the parlor, which was sanded, and the paper curtains drawn down to keep out the flies.

Much to our here's disappointment, although he found young Joseph Hildreth a very agreeable fellow, no Miss Wentworth appeared. He had presented the fish and heard the exchanged in the kitchen:

"Law sakes alive! Wall, I'm sure I'm obleged to the young Joseph Hildreth a very agreeable fellow, no Miss Wentworth and after the comment of the ho too made a bow, and observing that he had understood Squite Hildreth owned a fine collection of books, begged leave to examine then, adding, "I presume you are that gentleman" "Why yes, I rather guess I be," returned the farmer, with a good-natured smile. "I don't work selected them, and it's all his notion about an ibrary, as he calls it—but come in, come in, and well see about it."

So saying the worthy equire led the way into the partor, which was anded, and the paper curtains drawn down to keep out the flies.

Mach to our here's disappointment, although he found young Joseph Hillreth a very agree-path following the found young Joseph Hillreth a very agree-path following the found young Joseph Hillreth a very agreeding the found young Joseph Hillreth a very agreeding the found young Joseph Hillreth a very agreeding to the student of the household. The act and the student of the household with the household with the student of the coracion." During the course of the next day the enamoned awain went out for the purpose of taking a waik, and by some mysterious process found himself looking in at the very same window that he hould say and the hould be the household. The next day the enamoned awain went out for the purpose of taking a waik, and by some mysterious process from the provision of the purpose of taking a waik, and by some mysterious process from the provision of the purpose of taking a waik, and by some mysterious process from the provision of the purpose of taking a waik, and by some mysterious process from the provision of the purpose of taking a waik, and by some mysterious provision to the purpose of the purpose of the work of the purpose of the purpose of the purpose of the purpose of the purpose

with an important sir. Presently they were told to sit in order for recess, whereat, much slamming of books and ruttling of slates ensued.

"Girls," oracularly ejaculated the preceptress with a nod to the right side of the apartment. Pai, pat, pat, pat, pat, pat, went a few bare feet, and many thick shoes, which returned in a few minutes. "Boys," with a nod to the other side. Scaffle, sc

"Do you like school teaching ""
"Do you like school teaching ""
"Very well indeed—the charm is not yet worn off."
"You have not taught long then ""
"You have not taught long then ""
"You have not taught long then ""
"No sir, a very little while."
When the duties of the school commenced again, Hamilton, with an admiring eye watched the exquisite figure of the teacher as she beat over a scholar to explain a sum, or waked the floor while hearing a recitation. She was not very tall, and quite slender, with a profusion of golden brown hair in broad plaits about her classical little head. Her eyes were a clear brown, and at once shy, wild and mischlevous, and a dimple in her cheek when she smiled, was a host in itself. Altogether, she was enchanting, and of this truth Hamilton was most fully convinced—her manners and dress were exquisite sab her person, and save in position and wealth, she far surpassed any lady Irving had ever seen; his mind was fully made up to win the beauty, if possible. The weeks sped away, and at last he had the blessed assurance that his love was returned, and that charming Fanny Wentworth was willing to become Fanny Irving.

The happy lover now disclosed his true position and last tame to the halp, who appeared more surprised than he expected, for he had thought his manners and conversation must have discovered him; perhaps he felt a little piqued, and gave his idol less credit for discernment than formerly, for believing to the end that he was clanged and gave his idol less credit for discernment than formerly, for believing to the end that he was changements, for he wished a marriage of a respectable family only, and possessed of a moderate income. But whatever was the cause, where a ceedingly autonished at his explanation. Hamilton immediately wrote to his parents for their approbation, and naming the depending of the should be, if he did not marry Miss Wentwork and parents of the special did guttleman wrote that he extended his son's happiness to much, to make him as miscrable at his latt

er having seen young Irving, she did not know her love was the very one she had been to teased about, and rejoiced she had been to teased about, and rejoiced she had found some one who loved her wholly for herself. The came of the surprise when he discovered himself was on account of the odd termination of affilirs; the wrote instantly to her father, and instructed him in the part she wished her friends to play. The result was as has been seen.

"Hamilton, my boy, no heiresses for you?"

"Now, father, what an abominable compiracy!"

"No reigning belle for your wife, eh?" and the whole company joined in the laugh, even his bride sided with them.

"Never mind," Hamilton replied with the best grace he could assume. "I have you there. Louise Howard was the belief of the season, and I married Fanny Wentworth!"

"So you did," exclaimed his father, "and may you never regret it."

And he never did.

DANGER OF NOT KNOWING FRENCH

DANGER OF NOT KNOWING FRENCH.

In the time of religious persecution, when many families were leaving England for the Continent,—two English gentlemen were walking one fine afternoon near one of the lakes of Switzerland, having with them a guide-book. One of them, and the other being irred, ask down on the bank, and the other being irred, ask down on the bank, and the other contemplated with delight the clear and limpid water of the lake, and as he was very thirsty he contemplated with delight the clear and limpid water of the lake, and as he was very thirsty he drank freely; after which he consulted his guide-book about a place which he thoughts so beautiful heart of the lake, and as he was very thirsty he here the proposed of the contemplated of the lake, and as he was very thirsty he read the following words: "fol ies eaus do e lace out poissonneuses. "Good God!" exclaimed he read the following words: "fol ies eaus do e lace out poissonneuses. "God God!" exclaimed he waters of this lake are poissonous. I am a dead man, I feel aready the poison in my veins; soon friend came back. "What is the matter, Fred I has something happened to you?" "I was thirsty, and I drank of the waters of the lake, and in opening my guide, I found that the water of the lake, and in opening my guide, I found that they are controlled to the meaning "I may be the meaning "I may be the meaning "I may be the meaning "I magning the dying man. "Cor." "Then I would have died of my imperfect knowledge of the French language "—Dalar Neuspaper."

QUICK WORK.

Col. Andrew McMakin, editor of the American Courier, Philadelphia, has recently been on a tour to the West, and among other things as our and the West, and among other things is the learner of the Burnett House, Cincinnating the says it differs from other similar insatisations, in its wringing faculty, and this is done on the scientific principle of centrifugal propulsion. Should a hundred persons arrive at the hoose without as change of linea, they might divest for without as change of linea, they might divest for without as change of linea, they might divest for without as change of linea, they might divest for without a change of linea, they might divest for heart of the control of the

There are few things which reason can discover with so much certainty and ease, as its own insufficiency. Those who are ignorant of this imperfection, are the best proofs of it.—Collier.

# GLEACON'S PICTORIAL BOUND.

GLEA ON'S PIOTORIAL, BOUND.

We have Volumes I., IT., III., IV., V. and VI. of the Percentaa. eleganty bound in civils and with gift edges the provided of the property of the shape of a series of books of 416 pages each, and each viscositation greatly 1000 engawing of rises, maintenancy of the policy of fine monitories, and the parts of the globe; of famous cities and beautiful visions, of pages and a throne and alword, of fine macrimes and interactive subjects; with title-pages and indexes. Besides the many illustrations, they embres in their current news record of the times; alsogether forming an and present englyment, both in regard to reading making and present englyment, both in regard to reading making and present englyment, both in regard to reading making making making and present englyments, both in regard to reading making and present englyments, both in regard to reading making and present englyments, both in regard to reading making and present englyments, both in regard to reading making and present englyments, both in regard to reading making and present englyments. exceedingly and and present enjoyment, both in regard we and flustrations.

For eale at our office, and at all the periodical depots throughout the Union, at SS per volume.

## GLEASON'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED

REAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED

with numerous accurate entry, by enhant a tritis, of including such as the strength of the strength o

F. GLEASON, INER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS., BOSTON, MASS.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

S. FRENCH, 19 Nasau Street, New York.
A. WINCH, 116 Chestuut Street, Philadelphia.
RENRY 1ATUO, 111 Ballimore Street Ballimore RENRY 1ATUO, 111 Ballimore Street Ballimore, 111 A. ROYS, 43 Woodward Avenue, Detroit.
E. K. WOODWARD, or. 416. Chestua St., Se. Lo. THOMAS LUNN, 40 Exchange Place, New Orleans.
JOHN ELDER & C., Westington City.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

BY M. T. MCKELRET

E'en the winds have sounds of sadness To my lonely, pensive ear; That could once impart a sadness When the forms I loved were near. But they've gone: they all have vanis! Leaving "i melancholy me," Like some lonely exile banished, Far from home and friends to be.

Now find memory wakes her vision
Of the by-gone, happy hours—
Vakes those dreams of sweet Elysian,
As we wandered through the howers,
Vakes the merry birds were singing
On the tree-tops in the vale;
Falle their tuneful notes were ringing
Over woodland, hill, and dale.

fers we wakehed the streamlets flowing,
Here we chased the butterfly,
When our youthful hearts were glowing,
And our hopes were burning high.
And our hopes were burning high.
Of those scenes that could but flee,
Brings to mind the ead reflection
Of the dread reality,

hus I'm sitting, lonely sitting, By the hearth-stone's sombre light; Thile alternately are flitting, Dreams of pain and joy to-night.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## Mother Bluebottle's Number:

## BULLET-HEADED IGNORANCE

IGNORANCE and superstition is father and mother of no inconsiderable amount of vexa-tious trouble, damage and loss, in this subluna-ry sphere of ours. Ignorance is bad enough, but when linked with bullet headed perverseness

—it's atroctors.

Last winter, the "writer" was the victim to the above clause. Having made preparations to "locate" upon a certain favorito street of ours, up town, we located. Soon after, we had occasion to make a purchase, which we ordered sent house. In no very amiable mood we left "our place of basiness," and through the pelting, pit-iless storm wended our way to our domicil, cheered by the prospect of a warm and cozy fireside which should greet us when we arrived there.

"Why, what's the row!" quoth we, amid the din and confusion which assailed our ears, as we entered our cold and cheeriess domicil. "Where the "5 the fire!" "Fire! Where's the wood you were to send right home this morning, sir!" exclaims our domestic partner.
"Thunder and swearing case!" we yell, "haan't that wood come!" "Come! No! not a stick to start the coal with—children freezing, house cold as a barn, girl froze in the wash tub, and a pretty pickle we're in, near dark and no wood!" We slid—no time to partley. Down to the market square, or wood wagon plaza, we rushed. There stood the man and his wood! We were about half if not three-quarters frozen, but by dint of great exertion, we got up caloric enough to finale out—"" "Sir! why the — didn't you take that wood home for me?"
"Look a yer, mister, don't yer come a blusterin' yer, consarn ye what on airth did you mean to come yer this mornin' and buy this yer load o' wood, and tell me to take it up to No.5 — street, when consarn ye, you don't live thar; nobody know'd ye, nokoue!"
"Ha, ha,"—we tried to laugh, it was a horrible bogus effort, "why, where in heaven's name did you got to, anyhow!"
"Go! Now look yer, mister, I aint goin't to be fooled in this yer way, I aint; I carried wood far hard near, wher you said ye 'hung on ur anybody else to order a load of wood nan to follow us, which he did, after convincing him of our sanity, by paying for the wood are hear, sa ching around far you, and losing the sale o' the wood, yer I am, not pleased nuther, by a great sight."

It was no use talking, so we ordered the wood-man to a flow us, which he did, after convincing him of our sanity, by paying for the wood are load of wood now to the tother."

It was no use talking, so we ordered the wood-man to follow us, which he did, after convincing him of our sanity, by paying for the wood were necessarily elsinous of getting into, "missinght."

It was no use talking, so we ordered the wood-man to follow in, or sain, on Sauntay not, and to soling the stays." It was no use ta

"Haint?"
"No, sir," we again repeat.
"Want to know. Look here, Hezekiel, didn't yeou take this gentleman's beuts home, Saturday

"Yes, sir!" says the boy.
"We've seen nothing of them, my Yankee

"Well," said the frizzle-headed boy, "by gol-ly, I took 'em jest as you said, number five — street."

"Number five ?"

"Yes, sir—a slapping big number 'twas too, right over the door, right hand side, house standin' back, yaller brick-"

"Yaller thunder! Boy, my house is a red

"Left at the wrong pew, I cal'late, Hez; bet ter putter right daown straight and get the

brick—"
"Left at the wrong pew, I cal'late, Hes; better putter right daown straight and get the bents," said Peg.
"Of course," says we, "get them and take hem home, our house is on the left side,—"
"Red brick?"
"Yes, number five, that is, it's next to number three, our number is on the bell-pull, quite small, look sharp and you'll find it."

So the boy did find us; the "old coman" he said, who lived at the b'g number five, got mad as in because he insisted on having the boots again, she being certain that "one of her board-says he being certain that "one of her board-says he he had been seen that the said, who lived them. In the course of the ensuing week, a number of butcher boys, shop and grocer's boys got into "the wrong pew;" the big number five became the receptacle of two-thrids of the goods and chattels purchased and "sent home," intended for our domestic citadel. We got all fixed mad, goes over to see the proprietor—who proved to be a proprietress—of number five. The old lady came to the door, her physiognomy indicating unmistakeable evidences of ancient-styled, dogged "simplicity," a made-up-mind expression of countenance that was fatal to rhetoric, reason, or the convictions of "common sense."
"Madam." said we, bland as a narboiled tur-

of "common sonse."

"Madam," said we, bland as a parboiled turnip, "it seems that you are causing us a great deal of annoyance."

"What's that! Me annoyin' you i"

"Unintentionally, of course—"

"Why, what are you taking about, mister !"

"So we thought we'd come over and ask you if you were aware of the fact of having your house wrongly numbered !"

"That number's right, can't you see it is !"

"No madam—we can't see anything of the kind."

"Are you blind !"

kind."

"Are you blind?"

"Dear old woman, are you crazy?"

"Clear out—clear right out, or I'll call some of my men boarders, and I'll—"

"Call your men boarders, and be hanged."

"Well, airt you—airt you ashamed of your-self, to go and come here and set to and begin to blackguard me?"

"Madam!"

"I'll call down Mister Brown—"

"Go to the—!" out of all manner of patience, we cried, and deliberately returned over home.

tience, we cried, and deliberately returned over home.

Our absence from the city for a few days caused sandry letters to fall into the hands of the "penay post-man," and they had left the office and not "turned up at home." We traced the post-man; he declared that he faithfully delivered them, as directed, to number five. Down we goes to the old lady's again. She sent out "the girl" to answer the bell. We asked for the old lady herestlf, and she came lumbering forward, with a dumpling in one hand and spectacles in the other. As soon as our good-looking blis met her gase, the "biled over."

"You here agin? What o' you after now?"
"Madam, you have taken from the post-man, letters of ours, and a—"
"Consart your picturs," says she, starting

"Madam, you have taken from the post-man, letters of ours, and a.—"
"Consarn your pictures," says she, starting back into her parlor, from which she soon emerged with two letters in her hand, "bere's two letters, the post-man left'em, as they were for my number I gave 'em to my boarders. Mr. Brass opened 'em and said they were for somebody clem-cake 'em, clear right out with 'em."
We couldn't do justice to the subject by anathemas, or anything else, so we pockede letters and passion, and—cleared right out. Enquiry led to a fresh discovery—way down the street was yet another number five, occupied by an Irish family bearing a portion of our own illegant Irish name, and keeping a one horse grovery. Here a letter of our had laid upon the dingy mantel-piece, flanked by smoked pipes, red herring and whiskey cupes—fortnight. We imitated the army in Flanders—we swore. The Irish did the same.
"It was a free country, and be dad," said

Irish did the same.

"It was a free country, and be dad," said the head Greek, "it's me own number—it's the only number that Mickey O'Neil could make, and be jabers I put it up, and not the man in Gin-e-natry can take it down! D'ye mind

that 3"

But a worse trial awaited us. One Saturday afternoon we purchased a capacious stock of provender for Sunday's dinner, and invited a pair of Kentucky friends to come over and feast with us. Thas provided for the morrow, we ordered the edibles to be delivered before dark, and passthe edibles to be delivered before dark, and pass-ed our time until late that evening, away from home. Horror! Next morning the fact leaked out that no marketing came home! As we gave strict and implicit orders for its right delivery, we hardly imagined the possibility of the old woman getting or receiving our Sunday dinner. We had no dinner, friends came, we tried to make a funny thing of it, over "still Catawba," bread, butter, etc., but the joke was "far fetched."

fetched."

Next day, to our utter wrath, we discovered the old woman had not only got, but used up—our sabbatical provender! Forhearance was at an end, rage lent us wings, and passion dire bore us forward! We rushed into the old woman's ranche.

"Madam—it's too infernal bad, you received our dinner and east, you have annoyed and injured us by your bulles headed ignorance, and now we'll stand it no more,—will you take down that infernal, big yaller ochre number five, and put up the proper number, or shall use tear it down?"

"Do, if you dar! I're kept a respectable arding house in this city for fifteen years; I my boarders know my number, No. 5, and servever I go I take my number along, and put it so my boarders can find me, and I dar you to ke it down!"

The last brick took us down—there was but no alternative—move. We moved!

A DESPERATE ENCOUNTER.

BY GEORGE SOMERS.

ONE hot and sultry day in August, my companion and myself saddled our horses for an evening's sport in the forest wilds of Missouri. It was about four o'clock in the aftermoon, when everything being in readiness, we drew the rein towards a forest of many miles in extent, situated at a distance of about two hours ride. We pursued our course over an unbroken prairie, covered with the richest verdure and flowers, the air resounding with the songs of birds, peculiar to the prairies of North America. O, thought I, if I only had two hundred acres of such land as this attached to my farm in New

into the air and fell to the ground, tearing up the earth with her paws. During her death-struggle one of the dogs approaching too near she made a sweep at him with her paw, which struck the poor animal in the side, laying open his entrails and killing him instantly.

At last, she rolled over with a deep groun, and with a convaliency equiver she expired. The next morning we had time to survey our game at leisure. She was a noble animal, measuring nine feet from the tip of her tail to the tip, of her nose.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

# A STORY OF THE CIRCUS.

What sphere of life is there which does not afford its romance? Certainly none, as our rivide and truthful sketch will at once demonstrate. I was in Louisville, Ky, sometime, I believe, in 1833, when the famous circus of Welch & Mann was there, and the show-hills covered the walls of the town far and near. Among the troupe was a young man I had known some years before in Havre, and consequently, I was often at the exhibitions of the company, and sometimes at rehearsel. I was remember the regret that was expressed by the acting manager on account of the sickness of one of his boys, a little fellow of some ten or twelve years of age, who was taken ill in the midat of the engagement for this place. I was walking up the main street of the city as he was referring to the matter, and said that he could not take the boy's name off the bills for the was referring to the matter, and said that he could not take the boy's name off the bills for the was referring to the matter, and said that he could not take the boy's name off the bills for the was referring to the matter, and said that he could not take the boy's name off the bills for the work of the was referring to the matter, and said that he could not take the boy's name off the bills for the was referring to the matter, and said that he could not take the boy's name off the bills for the was referring to the matter, and said that he could not take the boy's non-appearance, but he knew that they would find fault perhaps to-right in no measured terms at the boy's absence.

"Hail" said the manager, laying his hand on my arm, "look yonder—do you not see that boy tumbling there?"

I looked, and sure enough, there was a small I rish boy, about a dozen years old, turning all sorts of somersets, walking on his hands, etc., after the style of the performance he had with which we have the head managed to effect an entrance, probably by creeping under the tent walls, for the little fellow was too miserably clad to afford such a treat to himself at the cost of even twelve and

no clothes to his back, he had at once sprung into the receipt of a salary at twelve years of age.

Time passed on—the boy among his new associates began to see the want of some education. This he had the good lack to pursue by himself and to improve. He outstripped all the company in feats of ground and lofty tumbling, and became one of the stars. As the company went from city to city, he remitted regularly one half of his carnings to his mother, and carefully saved a portion of the other half, which he laid by on interest. The poor Irish boy was now announced on the bills in large letters, and held up as a prodigy of great interest.

Quietly laying by a portion of every month's pay, and realizing a handsome sum from his annual benefit, he began to count his property by thousands before the close of three years, and fortunately taking the right course as to his associates and habits, he was respected and universally liked by the matagement and the company. In the course of time the company performed at Mobile, where our hero became acquainted with a lady of respectability, and to whom he was subsequently married, she bringing him in her own right quite a small fortune. All this had occurred in about fifteen years of time, and I was surprised and delighted, not many months since, when on a visit to the west, to find the little ragged Irish boy we had seen in the streets of Louisville, now the owner and occupant of a fine house on the banks of the Ohio river.

Of course I have called no names in this little sketch of true life-history, but there are

fell short of her mark, and coming down upon the hunter's horse, she buried her teeth in the poor animal's neck.

The dogs now coming to the rescae, the fight commenced; the brave fellows would reah upon their antagonist with all the fury of their roge, and as often would the panther, by a sweep of her fore paw, send them back, bleeding towards their master. Owing to the closeness of the combat between the panther and the dogs, we were unable to fire with any degree of accuracy for fear of hitting the dogs. At last my companion fired a ball into the animal's head, and and we thought ourselves sure of our game, but immediatedly gathering her remaining strength, she left the scene of action, and took to bee heels; closely followed by our party and the dogs.

She ran with difficulty, being wounded in many places, and at last, she brought up in an old hemlock, and planted herself among theraches, seeming determined to give us a warm reception, growling iferedly as we approached. We gathered our force in a body, and made ready for a general charge. It was agreed upon that we should all fire at once, except the old hunter, who was to reserve his fire, in case we should not kill her. The word heing gire we blasted away, and although we severely wounded her in many places, we did not disable her as we were soon made well aware. Eliling the forest with her frightly tiple has begrap into our midst, directly towards the old kunter, and luckily was if for him that his riffe was loaded, for had into the beat, and with the rightly till pulls he sprang into our midst, directly towards the old kunter, and luckily was if for him that his riffe was loaded, for had into to been, she would have torn him in pieces. As it was, be ware ready to receive her, and siming a brack was the wood-shock, and the wood-well was the wood of the wood of the pickage was a proposal to the pr

## Jester's Picnic.

A silver cup having been voted to an offeer once for some gallant action, a dinner was given to celebrate it, and after the cloth had been removed, the whole assembled company varied with interest to hear the eloquence that should. The president rose, and thrusting the cup towards the offeer, said:

"There's the jug."
To which the other replied, taking it up with pleasure, and examining it:
"It this the mang?"

Mrs. Brown keeps boarders. Shrewd institu-tion, that Mrs. B. Likes to economies. Puts salt in the white sugar—asys it goes further. Mistress Pellikins thinks so too—the sugar bowl sawdust in her whom to there evening. Mass sawdust in her word to the evening the sawdust in her had been sawdust in her more healthy. Has two meals on Sunday— thinks people feel better for not eating "so much." Thinks bologna sausages very tine— because it keeps the boarders sich half the tine. See 100, rear \$4,50 per week.

It is a pretty good story about Mr. Crane, a young clergyman who was settled, a great many years go, in a town in Massachuetts. A maid servant in the village who attended his preaching, exhibited ymphoms of being 'in love,' fessed the object of her passion by silently pointing to the crane in the kitchen freplace! He married the girl immediately, and they had twelve children.

One of two gentlemen recently conversing about the Natural Bridge of Virginia, remarked that there was an extraordinary incident connected with it, for that General Washington once threw a dollar completely over it, an achievem was the completely over it, an achieven when the completely over it, an achieven when the completely over it, and the control of the contr

At one of our hotels, recently, a gentleman who evidently had not "been there" extensively, provided himself with a cigar from the office, and after smoking it half up, returned it, saying that he "had used it all he wanted to, and was going to take a walk; if the clerk heard any one aax for a cigar, he could sell it to him if possible return !" Literal fact—New Huren Palladium.

The London Punch has gained a triumph. It has tept up a constant fire of caricatures of the table to the constant fire of caricatures of the the present style of soldier's uniform generally, until it has been officially amonoted in the House of Commons that the equipments and dress of the army are to be altered os as to make them more comfortable to the water.

A pious man once being in company where there was a person who frequently used the words, devil, deuce, etc., and at last took the name of God in vain:—"Stop, sir," said the old man; "I said nothing while you only used free-dom with the name of your master, but I insist upon it you shall use no such freedom with the name of my Master."

The man who, when invited to pay the printer's bill, declines paying for the reason that he has just paid, or is about to pay a note in bank, or a bill sent for collection through the Express Company, may well be considered a very note-one-rious character. If you we any fault to find in the above, pitch him the i roy Times.

Curran, being angry in a debate one day, put his hand on his heart, saying:

"I am the trusty guardian of my own honor."

"Then," replied Sir Royle Roach, "I congratulate my honorable friend on the sung sine-cure to which he has appointed himself."

"Is that the tune the old cow died of?" asked an Englishman, nettled at the industry with which a New Englander whistled Yankee Doodle.
"No, beef," replied Jonathan, "that are's the tune old Bull died of."

Lately a lady teacher in a Sabbath school of Forres, in the course of the evening's examination, asked a pupil, "Who was Noah?" the scholar with great simplicity replied, "I'm new from Grantown the other day, and not acquainted with the folks thereabout."

Married life, says the New York Pick, often begins with rosewood, and ends with pine. My dears, think of that, before you furnish your parlors.

# THE FLAG OF OUR UNION. Miscellancons Samily Journal,

devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is steally actual theorem paking it supports the literature. A PAPER FOR THE MILLION,

AND A WELCOME VISITOR TO THE HOME CIRCLE.
It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. No sixercisements are admitted to the paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of

THE MAMMOTH SIZE,

feet system that experience can suggest, forming an ORIGINAL PAPER, the present strought of which he szcoots that of any other weekly proper in the Union, with the exception of GLESSO'S PETCHAL.

The Pax is printed to fine white paper, with new and beautiful type, and contains 1240 square inchest, being a large weekly paper of eight ruper-paid quarter pages.

TERMS:-INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

40
One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of GERSON'S PROGRAM.

40
Hand State of County of the County of Charles of State of County of Co

paper.

[]— The Plag om be chained at any of the newpaper depots in the United States, and of newpaper carriers, as fifth cents per angle copy.

Published every Saturdat, by

F. GLEASON,

CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROWFIELD STS., BOSTON, MASS

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

B. FRENCH, 19 Names Breen, Fave York.

B. FRENCH, 19 Chestus Breen, Philosophia.

A. WINDS, 110 Chestus Breen, Philosophia.

A. WINDS, 110 Chestus Breen, Philosophia.

A. WINDS, 110 Chestus Breen, Philosophia.

A. ROYS, 40 Woodward Avnus, Detroit.

A. ROYS, 40 Woodward Avnus, Detroit.

E. WOODWARD, ore 4th & Chestus Stephenson.

JOHN BLDER & Co., Washington City.